

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

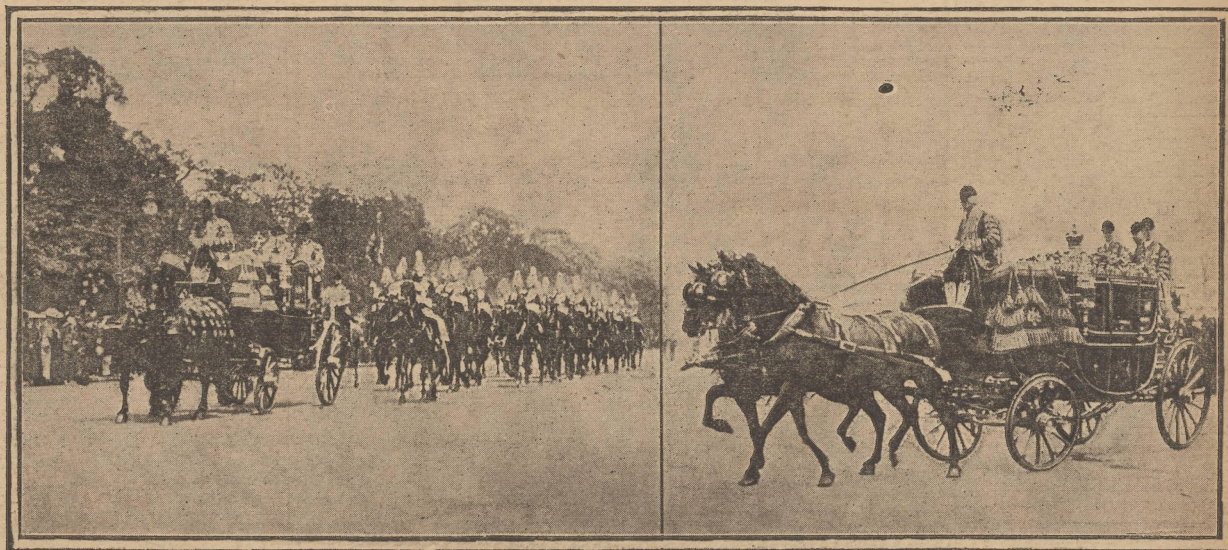
No. 483.

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SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

KING EDWARD'S LEVEE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE YESTERDAY.



The King driving from Buckingham Palace.

The Prince of Wales's carriage driving to St. James's Palace.

RUSSIAN FLEET NEARING THE DANGER ZONE IN CHARGE OF A SICK ADMIRAL.



Admiral Birileff, who, it is reported, will succeed Admiral Rojestvensky in command of the Baltic ships.



Map showing the supposed position of the Russian fleet near the Formosa Channel. This is close to the Japanese base at Formosa.



Admiral Rojestvensky, said to be suffering from nervous breakdown. This is denied in St. Petersburg, but is generally believed.

PERSONAL.

DOMINO.—"Myrmidon." Shall anxiously await answer. Greatly miss you.—**PINKIE.**
CONSCIENCE MONEY.—Five-pound note received. Crowther, Enfield. Next please.
CRICKLEWOOD.—Send Vionia here. Letter untrue. Trouble unhinged you. Position self alone. We forgive.

* The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 5d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitehall Lane, London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

ADDELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otto Stuart. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8, HAMLET. H. R. IVY. TO-MORROW, at 2 and 8, HAMLET. H. R. IVY. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8, HAMLET. H. R. IVY. TO-MORROW, at 2 and 8, HAMLET. H. R. IVY. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8, HAMLET. H. R. IVY. TO-MORROW, at 2 and 8, HAMLET. H. R. IVY.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. TONIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

A new play in three acts, adapted by Sydney Grundy from "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," by Octave Mirbeau. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.30.

IMPERIAL. Mr. LEWIS WALLER. TO-DAY, at 2, and TO-NIGHT, at 8. LAST 3 NIGHTS.

ROMEO AND JULIET. LAST 2 NIGHTS. LAST 2 MATINEES (TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 2.

LYRIC. Lessee, Mr. William Greet. Under the management of Mr. T. B. Davis. Mr. MARTIN HARVEY'S REASON. MONDAY, May 22, MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.30. Evening and Sat. Mat. THE ONLY WAY. Box office now open.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER. TO-DAY, at 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30 sharp. JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P. Adapted from the story of Katherine Cecil Thurston by E. Temple Thurston.

John Leder and Mr. GEORGE JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P. for Warwick. ALEXANDER.

Mr. HENRY VIBART. Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS. Miss BELLA PATEMAN and Miss MARION TERRY.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30. Box office, 10 to 10. —ST. JAMES'S.

THE COLISEUM. Charing Cross. FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock and 9 o'clock. ALBUQUERQUE'S PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped admission envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.

Prices: Boxes, £2 2s. £1 1s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. Patefests, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. 5s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. Telephone No. 7659 Gerrard. Grand Tier, 1s. Balcony 6d. (telephone No. 7659 Gerrard). Children under half-price to all stalls. Tolérance: Children under half-price to all stalls.

THE LYCEUM. HIGH-CLASS VARIETIES. TWICE NIGHTLY, 6.30 and 8. Matinee Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Popular Prices. Children half-price. Managing Director—THOMAS BARRSFORD.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

Representative Displays from: New Zealand, Jamaica, Sierra Leone, Victoria, Grenada, Southern Rhodesia, Trinidad, Barbados, British Guiana, Gold Coast Colony.

GREAT ANIMAL. Displays by Native Warriors, 2.30, 4.30, 6.30. STANDING SEATS, 10s. 6d. and 2s. Enclosure, 2s. 6d.

GREAT RACE MEETING. at 3.0. Grand Stand, 10s. 6d. and 2s. Enclosure, 2s. 6d.

NON-CONFORMIST CHoir Union FESTIVAL. First Concert (4.00 performance), 4.0. Second Concert, 7.30. Wholesale Co-operative Society's Fire Brigade Competitions.

CAFE CHANTANT. 4.0 and 8.0. Water Chute, Rapids, Topsy-Turvy Railway, Max's Flying Machine, W. Wells, Jr., 5s. and 2s. Circus.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS. "HENGLE'S." TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. The Sunlight Elephant in the World, and over 200 acting and performing animals. Daily, 3s. and 2s. Prices, 1s. to 5s. Children half-price to all stalls. Tel. 3125 Gerrard.

NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION. EARL'S COURT. Open 12 noon to 11 p.m. Admission 1s. Season tickets, 5s. 6d.

Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping, and Fisheries. NELSON'S CELEBRARY RELICS, and all Naval Boats from the 15th to the 19th Century.

Working Model of the "H.M.S. Victoria." 2nd MIDDLESEX GARRISON ARTILLERY BAND. BAND OF THE LANCERS.

EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND. Go on board the full-size Cruiser.

Real Batteries of 47 Guns. Hotchkiss and Maxim. The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 160 Handy-men.

Go on board and visit the Mediterranean ports. Trafalgar 1805—Professor Fleischer's Great Work, Death of Nelson. West's Own Navy. Maxim's Captive Flying Machine. Fairy Grotto. Indian Cannon. Great Canadian Indian Village—Chiefs, Squaws, and Papooses. Voyage in a Summer. Vanderdecken's Hammed Cabin. Famous Indian Fights. Miss de Rohan's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Tiliham Cannon. Auto-Photographic Portraits. Switch-back. Chute.

FISH RESTAURANT IN QUEEN'S COURT.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

POLYTECHNIC TOURS AND CRUISES. CRUISES TO THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS. A cruise of nearly 3,000 miles for 94 guineas. Portenburgh from June 10th.

A WEEK IN SWITZERLAND, 5 GUINEAS. Conducted parties and independent travel for LUCERNE, Geneva, Grindelwald, Zermatt, Chamonix, Italy, The Rhine, etc.

WEEK IN PARIS for 41 guineas, including excursions in Paris, also to Fontainebleau and Versailles. Leaving every Friday.

SPECIAL WHITSUN TOURS. PROGRAMME now ready. Full details from the Polytechnic, 309, Regent-st., London, W.

WILSON LINE. TOURS TO NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND RUSSIA from HULL and LONDON.

10 days, 2 guineas, 17 days, 3 guineas. SPECIAL VACATION TOURS TO NORWAY from HULL and LONDON.

5 days, 6s. 13 days, 12 guineas. Apply to THOS. WILSON, SONS and CO., Ltd., HULL. THE UNITED SHIPPING CO., Ltd., 102, Fenchurch-st., E.C. THOS. COOK and SON, Ludgate-circuit, E.C. RELATY, HANKEY and CO., 51, Fenchurch-st., E.C.

THAMES STEAMBOATS. Express Service Now Running between GREENWICH, LONDON BRIDGE, BLACKFRIARS and WESTMINSTER. Every Half-Hour. GREAT FAIRS, BATTERSEA PARK PIER NOW OPEN.

How to Make Money!

Write for booklet (post free) showing, in simple language, how ladies or gentlemen may, without any experience, work, worry, or trouble, make very large profits every few days.

If you have the Capital, we'll do the rest!

Customers fully protected against possible loss, as fully explained in booklet.

Far better terms than any firm copying our methods and booklet. They don't guarantee you against losing every penny you send them!

We do!

HENDERSON & CO.,
 Rooms 34 and 35,
 11, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Domestic.

A Housekeeper to Lady or Gentleman, where servant is kept, moderate salary; middle-aged, present post 4s. per week. —Percell, 2, Laburnum-st., Chesham Hill, Manchester.

MIBITIOUS Men anxious to get on should at once join Agents wanted.—Lark eraser; electronic pencil eraser in 10 seconds without abrasion; one agent's profit eight weeks over 475s.—Electroline Dept. Netherland Doncaster.

ART Work at home; very interesting work; acquired by a new process; and addressed envelopes for particulars.—Art Studio, Chichester House, Chancery-lane, London.

CONSTANT Employment is offered to a few men who can furnish good credentials.—Apply by postcard for particulars, 1, 803, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitehall-st., E.C.

FREE Sample Casket Rubber Stamp; your own name and address with particulars of spare time agency.—Dept. 2, 89 Aldersgate London.

VOCALISTS.—Piering—Well-known professor receives few amateurs desiring professional training as free pupils; particulars post free.—Secretary, 85, St. Paul's-st., Highbury.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—Garibaldi Hotel, for gentlemen; moderate terms; liberal table.—Powell, Proprietor.

SALE OF WIGHT (NIGHT).—Beautifully-furnished room, facing sea; all required. Scotchman. Channel View.

JERSEY (from 4s.)—Brompton-via Great. Write for near sea; from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per day. Grand for illustrated booklet with particulars. Proprietress.

RAMSATE (Vale House).—Cantwell's popular Board Residence, from 15s. inclusive; and June; recommended; musical.

PETS, LIVE STOCK, AND VEHICLES.

SCOTCH or Aberdeen Terriers, 4gs. pair. 2gs. Major S. Richardson. Carnoustie, Scotland.

SPLENDID Singing Norwich or Yorkshire Canaries. S. cheapest and best in the world; also pairs and odd hens for immediate breeding, talking parrots, etc.; price list free.—W. Rudd, Bird Specialist, Norwich.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

CUTTAGE Organ; splendid tone; 4 1/2 tons; bargain—115s. Bishopsgate, Cambridge Heath, N.E.

CUTTAGE Piano; good condition; 4 1/2 tons; easy terms.—Payne, 103, Approach-st., Cambridge Heath, N.E.

NATHANIEL DELRY'S Pianofortes are thoroughly up-to-date, and contain all the latest improvements; 20 years' experience. —Write for particulars.

PIANO; walnut, brilliant tone; originally £30, accepted £16; selling for family reasons. Write for appointment V. 76, Brondesbury-villas, N.W.

PIANOFORTE; a great bargain; in handsomely marked walnut case; very sweet tone; fitted with iron frame; check action; and every latest improvement; guaranteed; offered under the hire system for 10s. 6d. per month; write for one month's free trial without payment.—Godfrey 544, Holloway-road.

PIANOFORTE.—Gentleman leaving England seeks purchaser for his magnificent, upright, iron Grand, on resonating sounding-board; new this season; all latest improvements; exquisite marquetrie panel; ivory tone and touch; no other instrument could be desired; it for any drawing room; original price 56 guineas; take £14 14s. approval willingly; 20 years' warranty, transferable.—Apply, after 4 p.m., Major, 49, Budeborough-st., Euston-road, King's Cross.

PIANOFORTE.—High-class instrument, bargain, 15 guineas.—6, Fincham-st., Surrey-st., Old Kent-road.

15 GUINEAS.—Piano "Duchess" Model by D'ALMAINE (established 120 years), solid iron frame, upright grand; full compass, full trichord celeste action, etc.; in handsome carved case, 40 inches in height; in use only 6 months; sent on approval, carriage free both ways; 20 years' warranty; cash terms arranged; full price paid with allowance if exchanged for a higher-class instrument within three years.—D'Almaigne and Co. (established 120 years) 51, Finsbury-pavement, City. Open till 7, Saturdays.

GARDENING.

GARDEN REGISTER; 100 square yards; fair condition. 3s. 6d. carriage paid.—Northey, Aylesbury, Bucks.

SLUGGIDGE (registered); certain death to slugs and snails; perfectly harmless to most delicate plants; non-poisonous; splendid fertilizer to soil; 1s. 6d. box, carriage paid.—The Sluggicide Co., Maryleport-st., Bristol. And all Scotchmen.

200 BEDDING AND WINDOW PLANTS, 5s.—Splendid Collection, consisting of Geraniums, Fuschias, Lobelia, Begonias, Agapanthus, Verbenas, Heliotropes, Pansies, Marguerites, Calceolarias, Petunias, Phlox, etc.; all good, strong, well-rooted plants; carefully packed in boxes, labelled, and carriage paid, for 5s.; half-offered, 3s.; or quarter lot, 1s. 8d.; best collection ever quality.—C. M. Shilling, 39, The Nurseries, Winchfield, Hants.

HOUSES, PROPERTIES, ETC.

Auctions.

FAIRVIEW BUILDING ESTATE. BASILDON, 40 minutes by rail from London, and near Southend-on-sea. 22 up and down trains daily. Season Ticket only 5d. per day.

M. R. BUCKINGHAM-STEWART WILL SELL, by AUCTION IN THE PUBLIC HALL, on the Estate, on TUESDAY NEXT, May 23, VALUABLE FREEHOLD HOUSES, FLOORS, and other buildings, suitable for business and business men. Write at once for Plan, with Particulars and Ticket to attend the Sale, to Mr. J. W. HUMM (the Vendor), 45, Hatfield-st., Mile End, E.

Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

10/- A Week rent, week after week all the more satisfactory to spend some of that money by buying a house and then save the rest. Your money goes to its best use, and you are free on application to W. W. Beahan, Esq., 72, Bishopsgate-street Without, London, E.C. Mention "Daily Mirror."

Houses Wanted.

DETACHED Freehold House wanted to purchase, containing drawing, dining, about four bedrooms, bathroom, and good-size garage; south of the Thames, and within 12 miles of London, preferred.—Write, giving full particulars, to G. G. Alderman, Kent House, Fitcham-st., London, E.C.

WANTED for August, Cottage, furnished; sea, sands, very bracing, wooded, 1 bedroom, 1 sitting-room, kitchen, Mrs. A. Brown, 16, Edinborough-mansions, Victoria, S.W.

Flats to Let.

FLATS, very select.—Ground and First Floors (th. contained), five rooms and bath (th. and c.), scullery (th. and c.), electric light, dust shoot, speaking tube, and electric street door openers, halls and stairs cleaned, carpeted, and lighted; rents £3 and £3 10s. per month; free to one lot; terms 12 months; write to Mr. J. W. HUMM, Foreman, 45, Hatfield-st., Mile End, E. May be viewed at any time.

GROUND and first floors, 4 rooms, one fitted as kitchen, w.c. and water to each floor, rent 10s. 6d. per month, and good-size garage; south of the Thames, and within 12 miles of London, preferred.—Write, giving full particulars, to G. G. Alderman, Kent House, Fitcham-st., London, E.C.

6/6 bedrooms, kitchen, and scullery; very convenient, and garden; cheap fares.—Wentworth Estate, 405, Forest-road (opposite police station), Walthamstow; or, Hest, G.E.H., and Blackheath, M.E.

Land, Houses, Etc., for Sale.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—With possession: No. 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Four bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, fitted bathroom, kitchen, garden, etc.—Apply, Messrs. Harman Bros., 29, Ironmonger-lane, London, E.C.

PREPARING FOR THE FIGHT.

Newcastle Conference Settles
the Liberal Programme.

"C.B." TO BE PREMIER

Party Rank and File Regard Him
with Enthusiasm.

Liberal members of Parliament who have returned to town from the conference at Newcastle express themselves in every way satisfied with the success of the proceedings, but they report a general feeling of disappointment at the tenacity of the Government in clinging to office.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone's urgent circular at the opening of the session warning members to be prepared for a dissolution within a month, induced the party to get their organisation up to concert pitch, but the immovability of the Government makes it difficult for the Liberals to keep their forces in full fighting condition.

The meetings at Newcastle, however, have had an excellent effect on the party, and I am told (says the member of Parliament who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the Lobby) that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had a most enthusiastic reception at the hands of the rank-and-file.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Newcastle gathering is that it has set at rest all doubts as to who the next Liberal Premier is to be, everyone accepting "C.B." as being in unchallenged possession of the position when the time comes. Even the Roseberys now admit that there can be no possible competitor for the Premiership. It will be on this basis that the future policy of the Liberal Party will be conducted, and there is also a generally accepted understanding that Lord Spencer will have the post of Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

CONSERVATIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

Supporters of the Government assembled in large numbers at Oxford yesterday at the annual conference of the National Union of Conservative Associations. Mr. G. W. E. Loder said their opponents were in a desperate hurry for an appeal to the country, but he noticed that last night the president of the Liberal Federation at Newcastle said that the longer Mr. Balfour waited the greater the disaster would be that awaited him.

In that case, he was surprised their opponents were in such a hurry for the election. Personally, there was nothing he would desire more than that the next election should be fought on the Newcastle programme.

Some excitement was caused yesterday by a rumour that the negotiations between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain had broken down, but an official statement issued last night declared that the rumour was absolutely without foundation. An appeal was made to Mr. Chamberlain to give the result of the negotiations, but he replied: "Any statement on the subject would be premature at present."

M.P. IN POLO ACCIDENT.

Serious Mishap at Wembley Disables One
of the Conservative Whips.

Considerable regret was caused in the House of Commons yesterday when it was reported that Sir Savile Crossley, M.P., had sustained a serious fracture of the right leg while playing polo earlier in the day with a House of Commons team at Wembley Park.

The news was brought to the House by Mr. Winston Churchill, who was an eye-witness. Sir Savile's pony was butted by that of another player and fell with its rider underneath. His leg is broken between the knee and the ankle.

Several weeks will elapse before the hon. member can resume his public duties. In the meantime Sir A. Acland-Hood will now be two Whips short in the Lobby.

Another member of the House, Mr. Ivor Guest, nearly lost an eye whilst playing polo earlier in the week.

"SMART SET'S" CHILDREN

"Right and wrong kinds of play" were discussed at the Parents' National Education Conference yesterday.

Mrs. Husband complained of a lack of naturalness in the play of children. This fault she ascribed to the teaching of their elders.

The little ones in the "smart set" were made to be frankly artificial.

Dr. Blake Odgers, who presided, expressed the opinion that children should be allowed to amuse themselves free of all restraint or guidance by adults.

BLOWN TO PIECES.

Terrible Effect of a Warsaw Bomb
Explosion.

GOVERNOR'S ESCAPE.

An attempt to assassinate General Maximovitch, Governor-General of Warsaw, was yesterday frustrated by two detectives, who paid with their lives the penalty of their zeal.

They were shadowing a suspicious-looking man in Moidowa-street, and he, in an endeavour to evade them, stumbled and fell.

A terrific explosion followed, for the man had a powerful bomb in his pocket.

Both he and the two detectives were literally blown to pieces. A café near the scene of the explosion was utterly wrecked, windows, doors, and walls being blown in. A Jew who was passing at the time was terribly injured.

The explosion occurred only one minute before the Governor-General was due to pass the spot.

The force of the explosion is described by Reuter's correspondent, who visited the scene shortly after its occurrence.

The terribly mutilated bodies of the two detectives and the workman were still lying where they had fallen.

Twenty yards away on the pavement was to be seen a piece of human flesh.

The ground was covered with shattered glass, reduced almost to a powder by the powerful explosives.

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

Kuropatkin and Rojstevsky Reported To Be
Fellow-Sufferers.

Several Parisian papers confirm the reports of Admiral Rojstevsky's illness and resignation, though it is denied by the "Matin."

The Admiral is now said to be suffering from nephritis, or nervous breakdown.

General Kuropatkin is also said to be suffering from nervous exhaustion, and is about to proceed to the Crimea for the benefit of his health.

It is stated in St. Petersburg that the departure of Admiral Birleff, for Vladivostok, where he is to succeed Rojstevsky, has been deferred.

SCARED COUNCILLORS.

Mob Threatens To Lynch Them, and Armed
Policemen Escort Them Home.

PHILADELPHIA, Friday.—The granting by the City Council of a lease of the gasworks to a company for seventy-five years for £5,000,000, despite a better offer, led to some disgraceful scenes yesterday.

A majority of the citizens opposed the granting of the lease, and the large crowd that overflowed the gallery of the Council Chamber hoisted and yelled, addressing the members as thieves, and swinging ropes in the air as an intimation that lynching would be resorted to.

The Sergeant-at-arms attempted to clear the crowd, but was overpowered, and the police were obliged to draw their revolvers to keep the enraged citizens in check. Eventually the councillors were escorted to their homes by a strong police escort.

It is believed that the present crisis will cause the overthrow of "gang" rule in Philadelphia.—Lafan.

HAUNTED CABIN.

Curious Psychical Problem Suggested by Grim
Liner Incidents.

Miss Fiege Sniderman, aged twenty, of Polish nationality, who occupied a berth on board an American liner, committed suicide on the first day out from New York by jumping overboard.

Exactly a fortnight later, on the return journey, Miss Emma Schwartz, aged twenty, an Austrian, who occupied the same berth, also jumped overboard and was drowned.

Dr. J. K. Funk, a relation of the senior partner in the firm of Funk and Wagnall, publishers, of New York and London, finds in this sequence of events more than a mere coincidence, and thinks that the second suicide was, as it were, prompted by the shadow of the first, which still lingered about its last abode.

The Psychical Research Society's secretary, however, attaches little importance to Dr. Funk's theory.

KAISER AND TSAR'S BIRTHDAY.

Yesterday was the Tsar's birthday. At Wiesbaden the German Emperor and Empress gave a large luncheon party in honour of the day.

During the luncheon the Kaiser rose and said: "I drink to the health of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias."

SEA-BATHING BEGINS.

Glorious Sunny Week-End Expected on
English Coasts.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Northerly breezes; fair or fine generally; cloudy in places; normal temperature.
Lighting-up time, 8.50 p.m.; Sunday, 8.51.
Sea passages will be moderate to smooth generally.

Summer, which has suddenly deposited spring, continues her glorious reign.

Yesterday saw bright sunshine for many hours in London and the provinces, while the maximum readings of the thermometer were 65deg. in the shade and 116deg. in the sun.

Weather prophets further assert that the present delightful conditions should continue for some time yet.

Encouraging reports last night arrived from our seaside correspondents—

BRIGHTON.—Visitors arriving by hundreds daily. Glorious week.

HASTINGS.—Almost as busy as in summer. Shade temperature on the front yesterday 68 deg.

EASTBOURNE.—Daily average of sunshine for the week over twelve hours. Concerts at Devonshire Park and on the pier.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Large number of bathers. Town filling rapidly. Corporation this year providing hundreds of additional chairs for visitors.

PEZENANCE.—Motor-car trips Land's End and Lizard commenced. Dull after week of sunshine.

BLACKPOOL.—Season beginning much earlier than usual.

SCARBOROUGH.—Average of ten and a half hours' sunshine daily. Before-breakfast bathers more numerous than ever before in May.

YARMOUTH.—Blue skies and fresh, invigorating breezes. Hundreds of visitors have booked apartments for the week-end.

RAMSGATE.—Remarkable number of early visitors. East Kent Yeomanry camp to-day.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—Week of perfect weather. Every prospect of fine week-end. Visitors numerous.

MARGATE.—Perfect weather. Many visitors. Authorities rigorously repressing fast motor-driving; owners must be careful.

WORTHING.—Excellent military band on pier. Many families have arrived. Sea breezes delightful.

ABERNETHY.—Prawning chief pastime; rare sport on rocks and Roupelias at Wallog.

Best time of the year. Delightfully warm.

LEFRACOMBE.—Coaches and chara-bancs busy making "trips." Plenty of sun and sea breezes. Steamboat excursions have begun.

WEYMOUTH.—Cloudless days. Municipal concerts in gardens begin to-day. Sea excursions very popular, and town nearly full of visitors.

THE QUEEN'S HOLIDAY.

Her Majesty to Visit a Convent Which Dates
Back to Time of Moorish Occupation.

GIBRALTAR, Friday.—Queen Alexandra and party to-day crossed over to Algeciras-Gibraltar and party. They will spend the day in the cork woods, a lovely spot in the spring, and will also visit the Convent of Almoraima, which was founded in 1603 by the Countess Castellar, and which now belongs to the Duke of Medinaelli, who has thoroughly repaired and renovated it.

The convent dates from the time of the Moorish occupation, and signifies in Arabic the present of fines. There is an old Moorish tower near the river at the place where in ancient times the fines were collected from the trespassers on these lands.—Reuter.

OCEAN MOTOR-BOAT.

Long and Plucky Voyage Across the Tem-
pestuous Atlantic.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—A remarkable voyage has been accomplished by the American motor-boat; Gregory, which has just arrived at Algiers, and which has been entered for the Algiers-Toulon race.

This steel-built "cockshe'll" has crossed the Atlantic from America united.

She left New York on January 5 in fine weather, but soon encountered heavy seas, compelling the use of sea anchors.

With her bridge smashed and her masts demolished, she had to put back to New York for repairs, but her crew bravely started once more, only to encounter another tempest, during which four drums of oil were used in an attempt to calm the waters.

"LOOPING THE LOOP" IN COURT.

Looping the loop in an automobile will be practically demonstrated in court next Monday during the hearing of the case concerning the death of Mlle. Randal.

The loop (says the "Matin") will be erected on a small scale in the courtroom, corresponding as nearly as possible to the one in the Casino de Paris, and an automobile, with a wax figure as occupant, will be driven round it.

TRAGEDY OF THE LADY ARTIST.

Inquiry Into the Death of the Sus-
pected Murderer.

"FELO DE SE."

What might have been a trial for murder has been turned into a coroner's inquest at Hatherleigh regarding the death of Jack Ware, who killed himself in a police-cell, while under a charge of murdering Miss Le Breton, the Southampton lady artist.

The verdict of the jury yesterday was *Felo-de-se*, and the villagers are wondering whether Jack Ware should receive Christian burial. In past times such a verdict was followed with a funeral at the dead of night and an unconsecrated grave.

Miss Le Breton, the unhappy lady artist, was the bride-elect of a Yorkshire clergyman, who had the unutterable sorrow of attending her funeral within a few weeks of the date fixed for their wedding. There had previously been an inquest upon the body of Miss Le Breton, when it was supposed that she had been shot to death by a bull. Subsequently this theory was abandoned, and suspicion fell upon Ware.

At yesterday's inquest much of the evidence bore incidentally upon the death of the artist.

A ROVER FROM BOYHOOD.

The dead man's brother George was the first witness. He knew little about Jack, who ran away from home when he was a boy.

Police Sergeant Hill said that after the open verdict on Miss Breton he made inquiries, and on Wednesday went to Hannabourgh Quarries and fetched Ware. On the way Ware said, "What do you want?" He told Ware he wanted details of where he was on Monday night.

Ware said he slept at home on Sunday night, and, in answer to a question, said he returned from work on Monday night with the other workmen, but did not know the time.

He also questioned Ware as to the bloodstains on his work-basket, but he could not account for them. Deceased said he went home to supper, which was not true.

The suit he wore on Monday was found at his lodgings, there being blood on the sleeves. The axe was also produced, with stains which, the sergeant thought, might be blood.

Superintendent Bond arrived at the station and ordered that deceased be detained. His clothes were searched, and the pocket-knife produced was found.

Deceased then seemed perfectly rational and sober. When charged at the station Ware's heels rattled like a kettle-drum.

STRANGED IN THE CELL.

Coming to speak of the tragedy in the cell, the superintendent explained that the regulations required prisoners to be visited once every hour. Having locked Ware up, he went for dinner. On returning he repaired to the cell to give Ware a meal.

To his amazement he found the prisoner lying on the floor dead, with a black cotton muffler tied tightly round his neck.

A thud in the cell was heard by Mrs. Hill, the wife of the police-sergeant, but she did not suspect anything amiss.

This practically concluded the evidence, and it seems likely to remain a perpetual mystery in the district how Miss Le Breton met her death, though the circumstantial evidence will always weigh against the accused man, whose suicide in the cell is taken to have pointed to a sense of guilt.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Sir William Edward Goschen, K.C.M.G., was appointed last night British Ambassador to Austria, and the Hon. Alan Johnston to be Envoy-Extraordinary at the Court of the King of Denmark.

The Marquis Camden has been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Kent in succession to the late Earl Stanhope.

Owing to the condition of his arm, which was stung by a fly, Prince Adalbert did not accompany the German Emperor to Wiesbaden.

Quand Meme, one of the motor-boats abandoned during the Algiers-Toulon race, has been found adrift off the Sardinian coast, little damaged.

Passing Rimouski (Quebec) at midnight yesterday, the Allan liner Virginian has made the fastest Atlantic voyage on record via Cape Race.

Mme. Caroline Rosati, the former star of the ballet at the Paris Opera House, has died at her villa on the Gulf of San Juan in her eighty-third year.

Yesterday was Mme. Melba's birthday, and the famous singer gave one of her celebrated musical parties in the evening. "Mme. Patti" and Lady Moleworts, who had previously given a dinner-party at her house in Mme. Melba's honour, were among the guests.

AUSTRALIANS' BRILLIANT BATTING

Armstrong, Duff, and Darling Make Hay of the Amateurs' Bowling.

SUSSEX MISS FRY.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last year's Cambridge Captain.)

The Australians gave a really magnificent exhibition of the art of batting at Lord's yesterday, although they made an inauspicious start.

Howell was caught by Warner off Pichard with only two runs added. Duff seemed quite at home on the beautiful wicket, but shortly lost Gregory, who was "pouched" by Martyn at the wicket. Trumper filled the vacancy, but was quickly bowled by Brearley with a real "peach."

Things were going none too well with the "Strugglers" when Armstrong came in, four wickets being down for 94. Duff and "Warwick," however, smartly got up for work, and put an entirely different complexion on the game.

When set both men scored at a tremendous pace, punishing the bowling unmercifully in all directions. Forcing tactics were in vogue, Duff pulling with tremendous power, the height of the ball appearing quite immaterial to him.

Duff Takes Many Risks.

Some of his shots, indeed, were made literally off the left eye, and had he missed the "pellet" a stretcher would undoubtedly have been requisitioned. But he did not miss the ball, making, among other shots, a Titanic slash right over the ring to the right of the pavilion. Armstrong relied as a rule on beautiful hard drives, all along the carpet, which, once through the field, travelled to the boundary every time.

The wicket was simply delightful from the spectators' point of view, the crowd applauding both sides impartially. Duff, who had a life at the wicket off Hesketh-Pritchard, and should have been stumped by Martyn off Captain Wynyard, seemed certain of his century, but, trying to get them before lunch, was bowled at five minutes to two. He hit right across one from Brearley, and, though the fall of the wicket was very welcome, one could not help wishing that he had hit the ball, as it would certainly have gone "out of sight."

Duff split his bat the ball before he was out. Noble and Armstrong played quickly till lunch. On the resumption Noble was quietly bowled by a "riper" from Brearley, which came back at least 4in. from the off, and just touched the outside of the leg peg.

Armstrong Reaches His Century.

Followed Darling, who, with Armstrong, who about this time reached the 100, made another big stand. The running between these two was especially good, the pair picking up all the loose runs which the Gentlemen dropped so frequently yesterday, incidentally of course annexing a lot of extras through overthrows. MacLaren rung the changes in his bowling again, and again, but without effect, though it was noticed that he did not requisition the services of Beldam much.

The separation, however, was not destined to be effected by anyone, the two batsmen running the score up to 555, at which point Darling declared. Armstrong was left with 248 to his credit, while Darling collected 119, both being not out. It is announced that the Rev. W. Carlike's topic to-morrow at St. Mary-at-Hill Monument will be "Fry's Feats." P. F. Warner is also announced to read the lesson. These are the two who were deputed to open for the Gentlemen against the Australians.

Brilliant Play in Other Matches.

Yorkshire were indeed in a bad case when Hirst and Haigh came together yesterday, being over 300 behind with only five wickets in hand. The pair, particularly Hirst, batted magnificently, especially as, had they failed, Yorkshire would have been very nearly in the soup.

Warwick outplayed Cambridge at Cambridge yesterday, and the Varsity will now have to work hard to avert defeat.

Sussex have proved exactly what Fry is worth to them by their poor show against Surrey. At the same time, all credit must be given to Lees and Hayes, who bowled exceptionally well throughout.

Lancashire made a tremendous start for them, feeble first innings against Derby, scoring 312 by good cricket. Left in an almost hopeless position, Derby nevertheless made a spirited reply, L. G. and H. F. Wright in particular doing yeoman service for their side.

Notis were in great form with the bat yesterday at Nottingham, Iremonger especially playing a wonderful innings. They are now in a practically impregnable position as regards defeat, and once more have a great chance of winning outright.

Scores and further details of yesterday's cricket will be found on page 14.

MADMAN IN WHITE.

Robbed in London and Driven Mad by Starvation.

Little progress has been made in the elucidation of the mystery of the lunatic, who, attired only in a nightshirt, was discovered wandering through the lanes and woods near Nottingham.

It will be remembered that he was first discovered by a constable, who, noticing that he was evidently insane, and being struck by the economical nature of his attire, pursued him and ultimately captured him.

Then a remarkable story gained currency that in the neighbourhood there had been seen a motor-car, in which, huddled in a corner, was a figure in white.

This was speedily developed into the theory that the man had been conveyed into this comparatively lonely locality by interested persons, and had, from ulterior motives, been cruelly abandoned.

His statement is that he is Nicholas Schreiber, of Rheinplatz, Bavaria. He says that he landed in London some time ago with £17. He was robbed, and, devoid of means, he determined to tramp from London to Liverpool in order to work his way to America.

Then his mind became a blank, and he is utterly unable to fill up the hiatus.

The medical men who have examined him express the opinion that Schreiber must have gone mad through sheer lack of food, but can offer no suggestion as to his being found in such strange attire.

CURVE OF DEATH.

Terrible Danger of Railway Speed at a Sharp and Defective Turn.

An echo of the Aylesbury Railway disaster of December 23, 1904, is furnished by Colonel Yorke's report on the accidents published yesterday by the Board of Trade.

The report states that so far as the destruction of rolling stock is concerned this was probably one of the worst cases of derailment that has occurred.

Fortunately there were only eight passengers in the train; had it been crowded the loss of life would surely have been appalling.

Treating the defective nature of the curve on which the derailment took place, Colonel Yorke says that a more dangerous state of affairs could hardly be imagined.

FREE SHAVES AND SOAP.

Amusing Offers to Leicester Bootmakers if They March to London.

Humour and threats of disorder mark the proposed march to London of Leicester unemployed.

A hairdresser has offered to shave the contingent free of charge, and a soap manufacturer will present each man with a cake of soap.

Yesterday morning several hundred of the unemployed, angry at a statement in a trade paper that there was no need for any competent operative in the boot and shoe trade to be out of work, marched to the residence of a local journalist and demonstrated in front of the house.

At a mass meeting in the market place one of the speakers said that unless something practical was done by the authorities to alleviate the sufferings of the unemployed it might be necessary to use force.

The Raunds strikers reached Northampton yesterday on their return journey from London. The strike fund is £200 richer by the march.

VIRTUE IN SAMPLERS.

Archbishop of Canterbury's Homely Words to the Mothers' Union.

Speaking at the eighteenth annual conference of the Mothers' Union, yesterday, the Archbishop of Canterbury recalled the time when the best rooms of their houses were decorated with ornaments, not æsthetic, but beautiful and very significant. They were called samplers.

He often wondered whether the working of samplers went on at all nowadays.

He could not say that the Christian life was set forward by samplers, but they were evidence of a good deal of quiet, painstaking care, with practical results to follow.

He often thought that the principles underlying those samplers were lacking to-day.

STAMPS OF GREAT PRICE.

Messrs. Glendinning concluded a three-day sale of rare stamps yesterday, many high prices being obtained. The following are the most notable:—Transvaal 1877, 1d., red on blue, error "Transvaal"—£40; Canada 1892-7, 6d., purple—£22; New Brunswick 1851, violet—£54; Newfoundland 1857, scarlet—£31 10s.; Nova Scotia 1854, half of 1s., and half of 3d., used as 7½.—£38.

WOMAN'S WAY.

Judge Makes Discoveries in the Peculiarities of the Sex.

Judge Emden, at the Clerkenwell County Court yesterday, had three opportunities of expressing his opinions concerning the fair sex.

In the first instance a claim was made by a builder for repairs to houses.

His Honour: When the lady who owned these houses changed her estate agent, she should have informed him which houses he had to collect rent from.

Defendant's Counsel: But the lady did not know herself.

His Honour (surprised): What! A lady owns houses, and does not know how many or which herself?

Defendant's Counsel: She had been so used to leaving it to her estate agent.

His Honour: It is astonishing, but just like a lady.

In another case counsel said he hoped his Honour would not think that anything had been willfully done wrong, but the lady had done what she thought best.

His Honour: I am making every allowance for her not doing it right as she is a lady.

In a third case a lady amused the Court by the rapid way she gave her answers.

His Honour exclaimed: "Give me time," but the lady continued talking.

His Honour: Do, please, give me time.

The Lady: But your Honour—

His Honour: Not so fast.

The Lady: But—

His Honour: Please do stop! Do stop!

The Lady: But—

His Honour: Do, please, give me a chance. I have to write it down, and I cannot write as fast as a lady talks, you know; that is impossible.

MONDAY, MAY 22.

First Issue of the European "Daily Mail" To Be Printed in Paris.

On and after Monday, May 22, a facsimile

edition of the "Daily Mail" will be published by telegraph each morning in Paris in time for the principal express trains to various European countries.

The price of the "Daily Mail" in Paris will be 14d. For the rest of France 2d.; other countries, 2½d.

All communications should be addressed to the "Daily Mail," 3, Place de la Madeleine, Paris.

The Subscription Rates (in francs and centimes) of the "Daily Mail" will be as follows:—

	Paris and Environs.	French Depts.	Other Continental Countries.
One Week	90	1.00	1.20
One Quarter	11.70	13.00	15.60
One Year	46.80	52.00	62.40

Present Continental postal subscribers to the "Daily Mail" will have the Paris edition sent to them for three days free of charge, when they will be asked to decide which they prefer to receive, and their subscriptions will be transferred if they so desire at the above rates.

POET'S NAMESAKE.

Wealthy Australian Proposes to Adopt Stoke Poges Foundling.

The fates are smiling kindly upon little Thomas Gray, the ten-month-old foundling discovered in a wheatfield near Stoke Poges Church.

The little fellow's name was bestowed upon him because of the connection between that church and the famous "Elegy," written there by the poet Gray.

Many people, reading of the circumstances of his finding, have come forward wishing to help the friendless little child.

Among them is a very wealthy Australian, a married man without children. This gentleman has visited the boy at Eton Workhouse, and now proposes to adopt him. It is probable that his request will be granted.

KING AND BLIND MAN.

Musician Receives a Second "Decoration" from His Majesty.

As the King was returning from Newmarket racecourse on Thursday he passed a blind musician, James Forder, of Norwich. His Majesty stopped the carriage, and called Forder to him, handing him half-a-crown with a kindly word.

The blind musician proudly wears as a medal a florin which the King gave him at Sandringham last year, and intends to have another medal made of the half-crown.

Preceding a banquet at which he was the chief guest, the Primate was admitted to the freedom of the Skinners' Company, Dowgate Hall, City.

BRILLIANT SEASON.

Mr. Choate and Prince Gustavus Prominent at the King's Levee.

NEXT WEEK'S DELIGHTS.

The London season is in full swing, and the brilliant weather continues to make everybody and everything look their very best and brightest.

Yesterday's great social event was, of course, the King's Levee at St. James's Palace, the central figures at which, apart from the Royal Family, were Prince Gustavus of Sweden and Mr. Choate.

The King, in field-marshal's uniform, escorted by the Duke of Devonshire, drove in a state carriage from Buckingham Palace. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, drove from Marlborough House.

The immense variety of dazzling uniforms was an epitome of the British Empire. And hundreds of the gentlemen who had so been "presented" very obligingly went home afoot, so that sightseers could feast their eyes on the king's many farwell handshakes and hearty good wishes.

Mr. Chamberlain appeared in excellent spirits, and engaged in animated conversation with Prince Gustavus, who created an extremely favourable impression.

Novel History Bazaar.

An entirely novel note has been struck by the organisers of the great fête to be held in aid of the Westminster Hospital, in Dean's Yard, Westminster, next Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

Stalls and their stall-holders will be dressed to illustrate specific reigns of English monarchs. The lady in charge of the stall will represent the Queen or Queen-consort, and her assistants will wear the prettiest and most striking costumes of the period.

William the Conqueror. All there will be reproductions of famous tapestry. Lady Yarmouth, in the quaintly picturesque dress of the Stuarts, with full skirt and Vandyck lace, will sell delightful leather goods and quaint pottery.

Lady Pearson and Lady Denman will sell old lace, pewter, and prints, in the most charming George II. costumes. In dresses of the time of George III., with powdered hair and flowing Gainsborough dresses, the Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Mary Howard, Lady Edmund Talbot, and Lady Loudoun will sell china, pottery, and glass.

Lady Herbert Scott, Lady Helen Grosvenor, and Katherine, Duchess of Westminster will assist at the Duchess of Buccleuch's toy stall, and a wedding-present stall, to be presided over by Lady Lansdowne, in William IV. dress, will be a distinct innovation.

Interesting "Old Curiosity Shop."

There will also be an "Old Curiosity Shop" (Early Victorian), in charge of members of the Dickens family, and a Jubilee stall presided over by the Duchesses of Westminster and Somerset.

The Duchess of Sutherland will control the Edward VII. stall, and souvenirs containing portraits of the stall-holders in costume will be a striking feature. The Duke of Connaught, with the Duchess, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, will open the bazaar on the respective days.

On Monday evening, when the opera season at the new Waldorf Theatre opens, there will be gathered together an unusually brilliant throng of celebrities.

The greatest interest is being taken in the production of "opera at popular prices," and the demand for seats has been so unprecedented that the house could have been filled five or six times over.

The "Daily Mirror" was informed yesterday that when the curtain rises there will be hardly anybody in the boxes or stalls who is not in Dehrett or "Who's Who." Among those who are bringing parties are the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, who have a permanent box.

It is a stipulation made by the Duke of Bedford whenever a theatre is built on his property, that he shall have a private box, as at Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

The King is prevented by previous engagements from being present, but his Majesty has announced his intention of visiting the new opera house at an early date.

AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S WILL.

Owner of the Derby winner, Volodyovski, Mr. W. C. Whitney, the well-known American financier, left £50,000 each to his stepdaughter, Adelaide Randolph, and his stepson, Bertie Randolph.

For his daughter, Miss Dorothy Whitney, he bequeathed £10,000 per annum, and £2,000 per annum to Miss Bend whilst she remains Miss Whitney's companion.

MAN SUES FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

Jilted Tailor Lays Bare His Heart's Romance.

AMUSING LETTERS.

"The plaintiff looked very handsome in a black frock-coat and a blue tie. During his counsel's opening speech he was moved to tears."

If Mr. Henry Michael Lyons, who brought an action for breach of promise of marriage before Mr. Justice Phillimore yesterday, had been a lady, the above sentence would not have read so strangely.

An effort to give an orthodox description of the plaintiff—as ordinary breach of promise plaintiffs are described—has resulted in what may appear to be incongruous.

Incongruity, however, is unavoidable in dealing with such a case as *Lyons v. Weiner*. Let it speak for itself:—

Mr. Lyons is a tailor carrying on business in the Minories, and residing in Kensington. Early in 1903 he was wooed and won—counsel's exact words were "A warm attachment sprang up between the parties"—by Miss Florence Weiner, who lives with her father, a Hatton-garden jeweller, in the suburb of Dulwich.

Pledging Their Troth.

Miss Weiner on May 9 of that year promised to make Mr. Lyons her husband. To bind her bargain she received from him an engagement ring, for which he had paid £42 10s.—to her father.

It cannot be said that, as is usually the case with breach-of-promise defendants, "her affections suddenly cooled." The final rupture seems to have been led up to by disagreements that included at least one serious quarrel, resulting in Mr. Lyons receiving a temporary congé.

But he told the Court yesterday that such insinuations as that he had shown himself violent tempered and rude during the courtship were quite unfounded. "The young lady had no justification for her plea that she had broken the match off because of his misconduct. Whatever hastiness there had been was on her side."

The Court almost followed the tailor's example, and wept when it was told how an affectionate letter from Mr. Lyons crossed in the post the letter in which Miss Weiner finally threw him over. Mr. Lyons's letter began "My darling little girl," and ended with "fondlest love and scores of kisses.—Your ever-loving Harry."

A Contrast in Style.

Miss Weiner's letter said:—

Dear Mr. Lyons.—After very serious consideration, I have decided that in your interest and mine our engagement must end. We are not suited to one another, as I have often told you before. Nothing will alter my decision.—Yours sincerely, Florence Weiner.

The young tailor, who had been accustomed to be addressed as "My darling old boy," or playfully apostrophised as "You wicked old man," on receiving this note became distraught, and threatened to commit suicide.

After a stormy interview with the jeweller, however, he became calm enough to consult a solicitor, who drew up for him a demand for damages, and the return of the ring, that cost £42 10s.

Two Prior Attachments.

In reply to Miss Weiner's counsel, Mr. Lyons blushing admitted that he had been engaged twice before, once when he was a youth, fifteen years ago, and once "just for a week," about nine years ago. He had told Miss Weiner about both engagements.

It was put to him that his language was unloverlike when Miss Weiner was late for appointments, and that he had abused her rudely for unromanticity just before she wrote the fatal letter.

These things Mr. Lyons mournfully, but decidedly, denied.

He was also positive that he did not make himself unpleasant when Mr. Weiner proposed that the furniture for a home being prepared at Clapham Common should be purchased at Maple's, and not at the furniture establishment of Mr. Lyons's brother.

During his cross-examination Mr. Lyons said that when he and Miss Weiner were in tears after a "tiff," the lady's aunt had called them "a soppy pair." The aunt burst into tears herself. (Laughter.)

Explaining the fact that many of Miss Weiner's love-letters were marked by his office stamp, Mr. Lyons said he adopted this means to distinguish the "extra-special ones." (Loud laughter.)

The case was adjourned after efforts had been made by the Judge to bring about a settlement.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE" LAST NIGHT.

A new Isolde, the only one that has been seen at Covent Garden who can rank with the incomparable Ternina, appeared last night in the person of Mme. Wittich.

HAUNTED BY LOVER.

Wife's Tearful Complaint of Pursuit by an Admirer.

One of his periodical and often sensational interventions has been made in the Divorce Court by the King's Proctor.

He yesterday sought to rescind a decree nisi granted last year to Mr. Edward Smith, a Nottingham lace manufacturer, on the ground that Mrs. Smith had compromised herself with Mr. Percival Gordon Barnes.

The King's Proctor's reason for demanding that the decree should be rescinded was that there was a collusive arrangement by which the suit was allowed to be undefended.

It was stated that the counsel engaged in the case were Mr. Shearman, K.C., and Mr. Justice Deane, at that time Mr. Bargarve Deane, K.C.

Giving evidence in a sob-broken voice, Mrs. Smith said that she was persecuted while she was staying at the seaside by Mr. Barnes, who was a stranger to her. He used to follow her about and stare at her, and he threatened to blow his brains out opposite the boarding-house where she was staying.

Her husband used to accuse her of familiarity with anybody and everybody. He told her, untruthfully, that a certain lady had committed suicide because of her (Mrs. Smith's) conduct towards the lady's husband.

Mr. Smith had intercepted a letter which Mr. Barnes had written to her:—

My own precious darling Eve,—God bless you, my own darling. It was a very sweet and loving letter I received this morning. It was a hundred per cent. sweeter than the one I had last Monday. You keep teasing me about my wife saying that I love her more than I love you. . . . I love you most dearly, and will always do so as long as life lasts.

After Mr. Barnard had stated that Mr. Justice Deane was quite prepared to give evidence that there had been no collusion, the hearing was adjourned.

FAMOUS STRIKE.

Yorkshire Miners' Association Win Their Case in Court of Appeal.

Judgment in the Denaby Main Colliery case was issued yesterday by the Court of Appeal.

The famous Denaby strike, which began in 1902, will be remembered as lasting for nearly a year.

Finally the owners of the mine brought an action against the Yorkshire Miners' Association, claiming £150,000 on the grounds that the association had conspired to bring about the strike.

Mr. Justice Lawrence and a special jury decided against the association, but this decision was yesterday reversed by the Court of Appeal.

The case will probably now be taken into the House of Lords.

BEAR AS "WITNESS."

Mme. Batavia an Important Factor in a Motor-Car Law Case.

The Law Courts had a distinguished visitor yesterday. It was no less a personage than Mme. Batavia, the famous bear, which, attired in broad silk and blue toque, drove up in a neat little pony-trap.

She had driven from the Royal Italian Circus with Signor Volpi, to be viewed by the jury engaged in hearing the case of Boyle v. Victoria Carriage Works, Limited.

Mme. Batavia had been asked to go for a ride in the plaintiff's motor-car, but the defendant's manager objected, on the ground that she was too heavy.

Mr. Justice Darling showed considerable curiosity concerning the new "witness."

BOUND TO THE BANISTERS.

Newcastle Thieves Make an Unsuspecting Servant a Captive.

A remarkable story of an audacious robbery has just been reported to the police of Newcastle.

It is stated that two men called at a house on the outskirts of the city belonging to a well-known retired merchant.

The unsuspecting servant answered the door, and before she could inquire as to the business of the callers they overpowered her.

Binding her to the banisters they ransacked the house, and made off with a considerable amount of property.

Marriage had certainly proved a failure in the case of a lad at Liverpool who entered matrimony on nine shillings a week wages. He was driven to robbing his employers for the bare necessities of life. At the police court he was bound over.

M.P. TO THE RESCUE.

Mr. John Burns Heads Sewer Rescue Party.

"ONLY MY DUTY."

Mr. John Burns, M.P. for Battersea, was the modest hero of a sequel to the sewer tragedy reported in the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

As soon as he heard of the accident he organised a rescue party at the Deptford pumping station.

Clad in the working costume of a sewer man, he took command himself. With him were the superintendent (Mr. Hooper), Mr. Barnett, and Mr. Walrod, the M.P. for Tiverton.

It was not until midnight that the body of the missing man was found, at a spot thirty feet below the surface, almost beneath St. Paul's Church, in High-street, Deptford.

It is not known how the fumes originated by which Freak was suffocated, but he was found lying on his face, quite dead.

Under Mr. Burns's direction the body was secured with ropes and drawn up through a man-hole, after which it was taken to the mortuary.

Reputables All Credit.

"There is no need for prominence in this matter," said Mr. Burns to the *Daily Mirror* in the House of Commons yesterday. "It was simply my duty to try and find the poor fellow."

"As an officer will try to get his men out of a tight corner, or as an employer will try to do his best for his workmen, so I felt, as a member of the Main Drainage Committee of the London County Council, I ought to do my best for the unfortunate victim."

"Of course, I have a thorough knowledge of the drainage system, and I suspected that the spot where we actually did find the body would prove to be the place."

"There was no danger in the matter. I only did my duty, and that is all."

BEWILDERED JUDGE.

Ignorant of Ladies' Dress, but Thinks a "Bolero" Is Ugly.

Pending the intervention of an expert, Judge Edge adjourned a case at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday, when Mary Golband sued Paul Dombey, tailor, of Seven Sisters-road, Holloway, for breach of contract.

The cause of trouble was a dress—a tailor-made costume, which the lady said was too tight at the sleeves, too tight at the hem of the skirt, and "too young" at the waistcoat.

The Judge: Well, it is mere man trying a case about which his knowledge is limited.

Then a bolero was discussed.

The Judge: I think I know what a bolero is. To my mind, it is a most ugly thing.

His Honour inspected the dress, but decided to await an independent expert's opinion.

SECRET OF A CELLAR.

Grotesque Discovery Brings to Light a Tragedy of Three Years Ago.

Nearly three years ago a shunter named Mycock, of Roughton (Lancashire) disappeared no one knew where.

The mystery was unexpectedly solved this week by a plumber named Bland, who had occasion to enter the cellars underneath the platforms in the goods warehouses of the station.

In his endeavour to find some wood he came in contact with what he thought was a bundle of rags suspended from the ceiling. On closer inspection this proved to be Mycock's skeleton.

The curious part of the tragedy is that Mycock must have strangled himself on his knees, as the ceiling is too low to allow a fully-grown person to stand erect.

At yesterday's inquest on the remains a verdict of Suicide was returned.

THREAT TO MURDER AN EARL.

Charged with threatening to murder Earl Fitzwilliam, David Murray Rose, thirty, of no occupation, living in Tavistock-place, St. Pancras, appeared before Mr. Kennedy at Marlborough-street yesterday.

Mr. Matthews, for the prosecution, prior to the case being called, said that, in consequence of an official communication, he would advise the Earl that there was no necessity to attend court.

Mr. Kennedy: Yes; we must send this poor man to the workhouse. Rose, who looked pale and haggard, was placed in the dock for a few moments, and immediately ordered to be taken to the workhouse as a lunatic.

During the twenty-four hours ended at 6 a.m. yesterday the London firemen were called out no fewer than eighteen times.

"SLEEPING BEAUTY."

An Apology to Lucile, Limited.

In our issue of the 13th inst. we published an article under the heading of "Sleeping Beauty," referring to artistic sleeping apparel at Lucile Limited, and to the manner of its exhibition to intending lady purchasers.

This article was based on information supplied by a contributor, and was published by us in perfect good faith, without the slightest intention of reflecting in any way either upon Lucile Limited, or the business or its employees. We have since been informed that we were misled, that the apparel is not exhibited in the manner stated, and that our contributor must have drawn wholly upon his imagination.

We therefore unreservedly withdraw the article and apologise for its publication, and we have to express our sincere regrets to Mme. Lucile and the employees for any annoyance which may have been caused to them by its appearance.

LIBEL BY POSTCARD.

Music Professor's Complaint Against a Lady Pupil of Nine Years Standing.

A lady teacher of music, named Melita Macready, was committed for trial at the Mansion House yesterday on a charge of maliciously publishing a defamatory libel concerning Dr. W. H. Cummings, principal of the Guildhall School of Music.

The libel which formed the subject of the charge was contained on a postcard addressed to Dr. Cummings.

It was worded as follows: "Dr. Cummings, you old rogue, villain, and liar. You old coward. Why don't you fight?"

Dr. Cummings deposed that many other persons had received similar postcards concerning himself. Miss Macready had been a pupil at the school for nine years.

Mr. Douglas, the chief clerk, stated that the accused had received a serious warning on the 9th inst. from Sir Homewood Crawford as to the consequences of writing these cards.

Bail was allowed.

GIRL-WIFE'S HARD LOT.

Forced To Sleep Out After Six Months' Married Life.

Alice Rauns, a young married woman, only eighteen years of age, was yesterday charged at Chiswick with being found wandering without visible means of subsistence.

The girl, who has only been married six months, was found by a constable sleeping in a van. When asked what she was doing, she replied: "I have no home and nowhere to go, as my husband is now in prison."

The woman had been sleeping out for a fortnight, subsisting on what she might earn, and the few coppers spared to her by her husband's mates.

The court missionary undertook to obtain her a lodging, and she was discharged, the sum of 10s. being drawn from the poor-box to pay for her room.

UNBREAKABLE BURGLAR.

Runs at Full Speed After Falling from a First Floor Window.

When John Chandler was charged at Westminster yesterday with breaking and entering a house a curious story was told of the escape of a man, believed to be his accomplice.

P.C. Lewis, who was summoned to a house in Station-street, Chelsea, saw this man step out of a first-floor window on to a ladder.

The ladder slipped, and man and ladder fell heavily to the ground. The constable expected an easy capture, but was much surprised to see the fallen man scramble to his feet and rush away.

The prisoner was remanded.

"PARTNER WITH £500."

Yesterday we published a report of a case at the Guildhall, in which Mr. William M. Turner, of St. John's Mansions, Clapton-square, charged a Mr. Robert Emery with obtaining £500 on false pretences.

In our report by inadvertence we stated that Mr. Turner found himself insolvent. This is not the case. Mr. Turner is a man with good social and business connections and in perfectly solvent circumstances. He was not Mr. Emery's partner.

We sincerely regret this mistake, and offer our apologies to Mr. Turner for inadvertently misrepresenting his position.

There must be some cause, state the Scottish Prison Commissioners in their report issued yesterday, which checks the use of inebriate reformatories, and it would be of public advantage if inquiry on this point were made.

EXCITING RACING AT GATWICK.

Airlie Wins the Alexandra Handicap
for Lord Farquhar.

EVANS'S DOUBLE SUCCESS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Southern racegoers found abundant entertainment at Gatwick, and the meeting was little affected by its clashing with the fixture at Haydock Park—the latter a place so deservedly popular with north-country folk.

Lord Farquhar's Airlie won the principal prize at Gatwick, the Alexandra Handicap, a race of 1,000 sovs, run over six furlongs. The opposition, weak as to numbers, was yet of some class, and Melayr, despite a very heavy burthen, beat Countermark by a head for second place.

We frequently find the richest stakes attract scanty fields, but in this case no fewer than thirty-three out of forty-four original entries declared forfeit. The decision of Mr. George Lambton to run Airlie rather than Chaucer was a direct tip for the winner, but speculators preferred the chances of Helder Skelter, now ridden by D. Maher. Lord Ilchester's Laughing Gull had won so easily at Newmarket that she also was well supported.

TROUBLE AT THE STARTING-GATE.

Ediclus caused a lot of trouble at the starting-gate, and ultimately got left. It was quite a different game with Airlie. This colt jumped off, soon assumed a clear lead, and held it from end to end. This success of Airlie was received with cheers, and we understand that Lord Farquhar celebrated his sixty-first birthday at the same time.

Evans, the well-known apprentice in S. Loates's stable, has worked his way to great distinction in his class. He now made a further mark by riding two consecutive winners, the first on the Dejection gelding in the Mayblossom Handicap, which brought out no fewer than eighteen runners. None but Aster among the fancied division made any show, and that candidate succumbed, after a desperate finish, by a head.

There was not much to commend the winner, and he was subsequently sold for 105 guineas. Races of this class, it may be said, usually afford keener excitement than any developed in the struggle for bigger prizes. No fewer than eight apprentices claimed an allowance in this handicap. That excellent horseman, Higgs, nearly came to grief when his mount, Aster, was accidentally struck by another jockey's whip after passing the winning-post.

FIREMAN'S GALLANT WIN.

Evans scored the second time in the Ashdown Handicap after a similarly close finish. Odor made a poor display, but Isterico held a commanding position till four furlongs from home, when he was overhauled by Fireman, and the latter, in a tight squeeze, just managed to stall off the aged St. Moritz, to win by the shortest of heads. Beloselsky got third, and his name will be remembered as that of the horse which gave W. Lane the terrible fall last September at Lingfield Park.

Mr. Douglas Clarke's handsome filly Sweet Mary added to her unbeaten record in the Worth Stakes. She frightened off the majority entered for the race, and the weakness of the four in opposition was so obvious that ridiculously long odds were laid on the favourite. Sweet Mary, although a bit skittish at the post, got away nicely, and cantered home an easy winner from Fruitful, the latter a daughter of Persimmon, and owned by Mr. S. Darling.

ROBINSON'S STABLE UNLUCKY.

Robinson's stable had not good luck in the Mart Plate. Only two of the thirteen juveniles that carried silk were supported for any money, these being Koord Kizi and Jonquil, the first-named having the market call. She had been sent to do duty in preference to the smart Gulian. A desperate race was witnessed between Koord Kizi and Jonquil, victory resting with the last-named by a neck. Gefion, a daughter of Sir Geoffrey, was third.

The Champney Plate resolved itself into a match between Queen's Holiday and Arquebus, and the first-named, upon whom odds of 7 to 2 were laid, had no difficulty in placing the stake to the credit of Captain Forester, who gave 4,600 guineas for the daughter of Royal Hampton—Cimiez at the sale of the late Sir J. Blundell Maple's horses twelve months ago.

Delightful weather was also experienced at Haydock Park. There were not many runners, but the fields, more evenly distributed than at Gatwick, led to plenty of speculation. Remindful, as expected after his previous display, won the Manor Plate for Mr. Cuthbert Wilkinson, after an interesting race against Peter's Pride and others.

GREY FRIARS.

Yesterday's racing returns and to-day's programme will be found on page 14.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Tramway strikers at St. Helens are making a nightly practice of stoning the few cars that are being run. There seems to be no prospect of a settlement of the dispute.

In the Vale of Evesham the advance guard of the pea-picking army has already made its appearance.

Orders for many thousands of railway wagons for the Japanese Government have just been placed in the Midlands.

Selections of music will be played in Green Park between six and eight o'clock to-morrow evening by the band of the Horse Guards.

Several stone coffins, recently discovered at Sea Houses, Northumberland, have been declared by Canon Greenwell, of Durham, a well-known antiquary, to date back to 1500 A.C.

London journalism is about to receive an addition to its ranks in the shape of a Yiddish evening newspaper, to be called the "Jewish Journal." It will be illustrated and have a weekly edition.

St. Michael's Church, Burleigh-street, Strand, is to be amalgamated with St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The church was built by Inigo Jones, who described it as "the handsomest barn in England."

Emphasis is laid by the State officials in their annual report circulated yesterday on the rise in the number of house-breakings and frauds in Scotland. On the other hand, a fall of 15 per cent. in the less serious crimes is chronicled.

"By-law Cottage" is the name given to the now-famous Barcombe building over which Mr. Justice Grantham waged such a fight. Mrs. Austin, the tenant, describes it as a "sweet little abode."

Yesterday the song of the cuckoo was heard so far in town as Montpelier-road, St. John's College Park, N.W.

For stealing his mother's wedding presents, Thomas Hyde was sent to gaol for a month at South Shields yesterday.

Finger-printing was employed in Scotland in 109 cases during 1904, and the facts reported to the Habitual Criminal Registry, Scotland Yard.

Sir Henry Irving's last performance of "Becket" at Drury Lane takes place this afternoon. On Monday evening "The Merchant of Venice" will be revived.

In an heroic but unsuccessful attempt to rescue a drowning child at Grangetown, Cardiff, an unknown gentleman, fully dressed, dived three times into the River Taff.

Thirty acres of valuable Scottish fir and larch trees were destroyed by fire at Little Bampton, near Wigton, Cumberland. The blazing plantations made an impressive spectacle.

Before being sentenced to twenty-one days' hard labour for burglary at Brighton, Charles Crock coolly said he committed the robbery with "the good intention of waking up the public to the need of looking after their own property, as he had read in the papers of a lot of burglars."

MAN SUES FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.



Portraits of Henry Michael Lyons and Miss Florence Weiner. The first has a case against the second for alleged breach of promise. He also demands the return of his presents. The case stands adjourned to allow of a settlement.

Kingston-on-Thames and District Medical Society have notified local residents that they can facilitate the work of the doctors by sending their requests for professional visits before ten o'clock in the morning.

Brynkalnt coalpits in North Wales, have been developed at a cost of £60,000, and the resources of the mines have been found to be sufficient to keep six or seven hundred men constantly employed for over forty years.

To-day the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who has been staying for the past fortnight as the guest of his mother at Claremont, Escher, concludes his visit. He returns to Germany by way of Harwich and the Hook of Holland.

"The war in the Far East was the only cloud on an otherwise fair horizon," said the chairman at the annual meeting of the Bankers' Investment Trust, Limited, yesterday. Shareholders were congratulated on the steady progress made by the trust.

Few sales at Christie's this season will surpass in interest the dispersal of pictures belonging to Lord Tweedmouth, removed from Brook House, Park-lane, and Guisancan, Beaulieu, N.B. Five superb canvases by Reynolds are included in the collection.

On three successive nights a Liverpool Corporation official dreamed that a diamond he had lost out of his ring was lying at the bottom of the trap in the municipal offices. A search was made, and the jewel was found exactly where the vision indicated it would be.

Colonel Welby yesterday gave notice to ask Lord Balcarres whether he will consider the feasibility of an apparatus to change the colour of the light on the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament as soon as a division is declared, so as to inform members approaching the House. The changed colour, it is suggested, should remain until the doors are unlocked.

LIVELY DAY IN THE CITY.

Troubles and Rumours of Trouble
Bring Disaster.

KAFFIRS AND AMERICANS.

CAPEL COURT, Friday Evening.—There was an uncommonly lively day on the Stock Exchange to-day, but it was the kind of day that we could very well have done without. Somebody pulled the foundations from under Americans and Kaffirs, and there was quite a rattling down of the market structure. Fortunately things might have been worse, but who exactly has been hurt in the wreckage will only be discovered a little later, when settlement day comes round, or thereabouts. There will be some tidy differences to pay, and any weakling who had not the pluck to cut his losses after the last settlement will be in the last throes financially. The Continent was flinging shares, both Americans and Kaffirs, over here like waste paper, and the market here was by no means willing to take them. There came rumours of trouble on the Frankfurt Bourse, and certainly there seemed to be indications of Continental weakness. Perhaps the London selling was not so pronounced, though one big outside operator was reported a seller.

Politics really had little weight in bringing about the weakness. In fact, it was not any other than mere market causes and those weak accounts that have existed for some time, and which the depression in prices has made even weaker. The coming naval engagement, of course, raises doubts in the minds of possible buyers, and keeps them away. So did to-morrow's holiday help to check business. But the markets as a whole were not bad, apart from the few sections noted, and Consols did not decline below 90 3/16.

The best proof that politics had very little weight was that Russian and Japanese bonds were quite steady, the new Japanese scrip being no worse than 1/2 discount, at which it stood yesterday.

AMERICANS' BAD PLIGHT.

The American market was in a terrible plight in the morning. Prices were put a long way below the New York equivalent, and the talk of crop damage and one thing or another was made the most of, while there seemed attempts on the part of New York to do a certain amount of selling here. At times it was really almost impossible to deal at anything like quoted prices in some of the shares of this market. After New York commenced operations in the afternoon there was a bit of a rally, which recovered a fair portion of the earlier losses, but still did not do much to improve the position. The close was a little better, but Steels and Milwaukees had a sorrowful appearance.

The other disastrously weak section was Kaffirs. Here also shares were flung overboard by weak holders, and a lot of shares changed hands, largely on Continental account. Kaffirs were flat in Paris overnight, and a very gloomy view was taken of the position. All the talk of Kaffir trusts and one thing or another does for nothing. The truth is that the market is hopelessly discredited, and values on any known basis are probably even now high enough. The public have got tired of being robbed by the cosmopolitan horde of mining magnates and their satellites. Here, again, the close was above the worst.

Home Rails were not particularly bad. At the same time they were not financial writers sometimes say. But this market, now that the liquidation is over, really seems to be showing a little more backbone.

In Canadian Rails the bad influence was, of course, the American weakness. In the circumstances the recent disposition to buy on foreign account lost all its influence. Canadian Pacific lost three points.

TEA TABLE MEETING.

A good deal of interest, of course, was taken in the British Tea Table meeting, where the directors, by narrow majorities, managed to hold their own on the poll. The meeting was brief, though noisy. Subsequently the shareholders held an improvised indignation meeting. The price of the shares was unaffected by the result. Indeed, it was well nigh impossible to find any feature of interest in the Miscellaneous market, where business was very scanty. Perhaps the dealers found Lord's more attractive. Hudson's Bays lost 4 1/2, and Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred 2.

Mining shares, apart from Kaffirs, did not attract much attention. West Africans are heavy. The Ashanti Goldfields group is particularly flat, fearing what the expert report may be, which will be read to the shareholders, presumably, at Monday's meeting. That meeting promises to be a particularly lively function. The shares are only 10s. It is amusing to see the market attempts made to hoist Cuban Mining shares again, which had a certain amount of gambling run some time ago. Egyptians were an unhappy man with Kaffirs. West Great Boulders, helped by the report, the West-Asia market was dull.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1905

A MISUNDERSTANDING!

IN Mr. Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads" there are some verses which condense into forcible language one of the greatest English faults. Most disasters, Mr. Kipling thinks, happen in this country

All along o' dirtiness
All along o' mess;
All along o' doin' things
Rather more or less.

We are of a careless, slack-baked habit of mind. We say one thing and mean another. Instead of concentrating our energies and attention upon the work in hand, we far too often trust to "muddling through."

Yesterday's report upon the railway accident at Aylesbury just before Christmas, which killed four men and injured others, supplies a striking illustration of Mr. Kipling's view. The cause of it was simply "doing things rather more or less." The driver of the train which ran off the rails at a point where the line curves sharply was unfamiliar with his road. He asked, therefore, for a pilot driver to assist him. The authorities supplied instead a pilot guard!

"Owing to a misunderstanding a pilot guard was provided instead of a pilot driver." How well we know those misunderstandings. "Unmounted men preferred" was another of them—one of the prodigious number which cost us so many lives and millions in South Africa. "I thought you said—" Hasn't that been the excuse for thousands of mistakes, follies, disasters, ever since the world began?

The one fortunate thing about this accident was that it happened to a goods train. If the derailed carriages had been full of passengers the loss of life would have been terrible. Yet the disaster might easily have happened to a passenger train. And still the only consolation would have been "owing to a misunderstanding."

A DOG WITH A BAD NAME.

The German Socialists have long been a power in German politics. At the last election they polled three million votes and returned eighty-two members to Parliament. And their numbers grow larger every day.

Now the increase of Socialists in America has begun to attract notice. At the election before last the Socialist vote in the United States was just under 100,000. Last time their polling strength came out at 403,000.

And there is a general agreement amongst observers of American life that next time it will show an enormous advance upon this figure.

President Roosevelt himself admits that before long "Socialism will sweep the country if the Republican party does not do something."

In this country we have no Socialist party organised as such. If we had, there is little doubt that it would soon be able to influence the result of elections. At present Socialism has a bad name, and to give a dog a bad name is to hang him.

Most people vaguely imagine that only labourers can profess Social principles; and that the first things a convert does are to forswear his loyalty to the Throne, to promise never to wear a tall hat, and to take courses of lessons in burgling and picking pockets.

As soon as Socialism is better understood it will be better liked. Its aims are to improve society, to give everyone a better chance of finding happiness, to see that no one gets either more or less than he deserves.

The difference between Socialism and Liberalism or Conservatism is that the first desires to benefit the whole nation, while the other two are merely intent upon party advantages, in which the mass of the nation has no share whatever.

That is why Socialism is the creed of the future. How far off that future depends upon how soon the nation understands what Socialism really is.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Sin never prevails against us but in the absence of Virtue, and Virtue is never absent but when we are idle.—J. E. Nicemberg (1595-1658).

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

PEOPLE who attended the Levee at St. James's Palace yesterday seem to have found that usually rather tedious function quite interesting and pleasant. King Edward has tried, in effect, since his accession, to make his official receptions more agreeable than Queen Victoria's used to be. The brilliant Courts of to-day are certainly more popular than the weary drawing-rooms held in broad daylight by the late Queen. During her reign the levees in St. James's Palace were also more formal than they are now, and, by the way, St. James's Palace was then not nearly so well ventilated.

The famous house in Downing-street was crowded with well-known people last night for the Prime Minister's evening party, and the rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers. Downing-street is certainly a desirable place of residence. The backs of the Prime Minister's house and of that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer look out over charming views of St. James's Park, and what could be

The habit of undertaking, for a discreetly-presented chore, the chaperoning of young girls is quite common amongst society women in these businesslike days. After all, why should it not be so? You pay, if you happen to be very rich, a few thousands to a suitable sponsor, and behold! in a few months' time your daughters or sons are received in some of the "best" houses in London, where they will probably be very bored, but where they will feel that they are really "in the swim."

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild's illness is giving his friends some anxiety. He has never been very strong physically, and has for many years looked older than his age. It is said that the cause of his white hair and slightly uneasy expression was the "terrible year" which he passed just outside Paris during the horrors of the Commune. Those were apocalyptic days, when the end of the world, or at least of the financial world, seemed to be at hand. King William and Bismarck stayed at Baron Alphonse's house near Paris during the siege. He remembers that they treated him with the greatest courtesy.

A GAME OF BLIND MEN'S BUFF.



For weeks past the Japanese and Russian fleets have been groping about, completely in the dark as to each other's whereabouts. Now they seem likely to come shortly to grips.

quieter or more discreet than the "little street itself, where no traffic goes except that intended for the two official residences?"

Miss Balfour is the very person to make a party successful. She has an extraordinary memory for names and faces, and never shows any of the uncertainty which sometimes marks her brother's reception of the guests. Mr. Balfour is distinctly vague about names. Once, in a single speech, he referred to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman both as Sir Henry Bannerman and as Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. I have a friend, too, who declares that Mr. Balfour, whom he knows only very slightly, ran across him three times at the same reception, and addressed him each time by a different name, giving him the third time a title which he does not possess and which really flattered him considerably.

Is a malignant epidemic of poverty descending upon the aristocracy? Everybody seems to be selling something this year. Lord Tweedmouth's splendid collection of English masters comes, it is said, under the hammer next month. Lord Denbigh's coins and medals (one of the most famous collections in the world) are soon to be dispersed, and Lord Crewe is getting rid of all his racehorses. There are only a few of the prominent people who are selling, or trying to sell, houses, horses, lands, or services of some kind. The kind of service generally bought by the omnipotent millionaire is the right to be introduced into that supposed paradise—the Smart Set.

The fact that Lord Stair is bringing an action for divorce at Edinburgh recalls the numerous matrimonial difficulties which, strangely enough, seem to be part of the destiny of the Dalrymple family. The earliest romance in connection with them was that immortalised by Scott in the "Bride of Lammermoor," and the real name of poor Lucy Ashton was Janet Dalrymple, who was a daughter of the first Lord Stair, and whose life gave Scott the materials for his book. About another Lord Stair an equally romantic story used to be told.

One day, a freezing winter's day, in Edinburgh, a certain kind-hearted lawyer happened to notice a ragged woman selling matches in the streets. Something in her face seemed to tell him that she had not always been a match-seller, and made him stop to speak to her. His instinct had guided him truly. The woman had been a governess, and had been privately married to the then Lord Stair. The lawyer took up her case and secured the restoration of the beggar woman to her proper position.

A little while ago there were five theatrical first nights in one week. Next week five were announced for one night, Monday. These were "Hamlet" at the Lyric (Martin Harvey), "Merchant of Venice" at Drury Lane (Sir Henry Irving), opening of the Waldorf, "The Palace of Truth" at the Mermaid Repertory Theatre, and a new play by the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker at the King's, Hammersmith. The Gilbert revival has wisely been postponed until Tuesday.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE CHURCH AND DIVORCE.

The Church of England holds that the marriage of divorced people is wrong, therefore it does not give its sanction to such marriages. The position is perfectly straightforward.

People who attach sufficient importance to the Church to regulate their lives by its teachings will admit its authority and not remarry. Those who do not will be satisfied with the civil contract.

The Church will not increase its popularity by taking up this high standpoint, but it does right none the less. If it sought popularity it might teach that drunkenness was blessed, but it does not do so.

CHURCHMAN.

Vincent-square, S.W.

The Church will marry a woman who has lived with a man for years unmarried to another man.

The Church will give its blessing to a marriage between a young and innocent girl and a rich old roue who has simply bought her.

The Church will go on marrying a man as many times as he likes provided his wives are dead, although the Church tells us the sacrament of marriage is between soul and soul, and the souls of the dead wives are in Heaven.

Yet the Church wants to refuse its sanction to the marriage of innocent divorcees. Amazing! Queen's-gate. CONSISTENCY.

STRONG PLAYS WANTED.

In answer to the question: "What does the public want in things theatrical?" as one having many years' experience, I do not think I can do better than reiterate your own words. The public want plays with powerful and melodramatic situations.

The introduction of motor-cars, steam rollers, real rain, worse snow and shaking of dirty sea cloths, I have found to be necessary adjuncts of badly written plays. PERCY KURTZ.

Wharfedale-gardens, St. John's Wood.

RUNNING IN THE PARKS.

Hard exercise is very hard for young men in London to get nowadays. Why do not the County Council permit running practice in the parks under their control?

They only need measure off a track and provide a dressing-room, and they could make a small charge—2d. or 3d.—for its use.

It would be a great gain to a number of workers who find it very difficult to keep up their athletics under present conditions. H. BEDFORD.

Aubert Park, N.

BLOTS ON A FAIR SCENE.

The Embankment from Westminster to Blackfriars is the pleasantest walk in London, except in the parks.

This morning I took a distinguished foreigner along it. The sun shone. The river sparkled. He was impressed by the pretty gardens and the fine buildings.

But on every seat he saw ragged, dirty, repulsive never-works, many of them asleep. He said nothing, but I could see he wondered. So did I. Why are our public seats as unclean as they are unfit for decent clean people? VAUGHAN HERBERT.

Victoria-street, Westminster.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

General Lord Grenfell.

BY his new appointment as Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards, he becomes also one of the three "Gold Sticks" who take turns to be "in waiting" on the King, and so receives yet another sign of the high estimation in which he is held.

Besides this, he is Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, to which post he was appointed when the Duke of Connaught became Inspector-General. Before that he commanded Mr. Brodrick's famous Fourth Army Corps, but as it never existed, except in the pigeon-holes at the War Office, he did not find his duties very arduous.

He had much more active posts when he was in command at Malta and in Egypt.

As for years, they do not seem to worry him much. Two years ago, at the age of sixty-two, he felt himself young enough to marry a wife nearly forty years his junior, and still finds his chief amusement as a cyclist.

His title only dates since the Coronation, so he is still better known as "Sir Francis."

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 19.—The most beautiful flowers in the garden are undoubtedly the late-flowering tulips. Planted in bold clumps of one colour they look magnificent, sometimes attaining the height of twenty-four inches.

A long line of peasan's eye narcissi, growing out of forget-me-nots, is another striking feature of to-day's garden. At night the air is heavy with their delicate perfume. Even now there is another narcissi still in bud, the double poetical (gardenia-flowered). This is the last daffodil to bloom.

Sadly one watches the primroses fade. But round them blue-bells rise. Bending their heads to the breeze they seem to be whispering a secret. Is it "summer is here"? E. F. T.

Prominent Figures in the News of the Day.

DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.



The Duchess of Argyll, who has placed a memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral to the Colonials who fell in the late war. It will be unveiled on May 25.—(Mendelssohn.)

LORD CREWE STOPS RACING.



The Earl of Crewe has decided to sell his racing and breeding stud. He has not been remarkably lucky on the Turf. He will devote more time to politics.—(Elliott and Fry.)

MDLLE. SCHAMCHINE, COL. GRESCHNER, MRS. MARY MARCY,

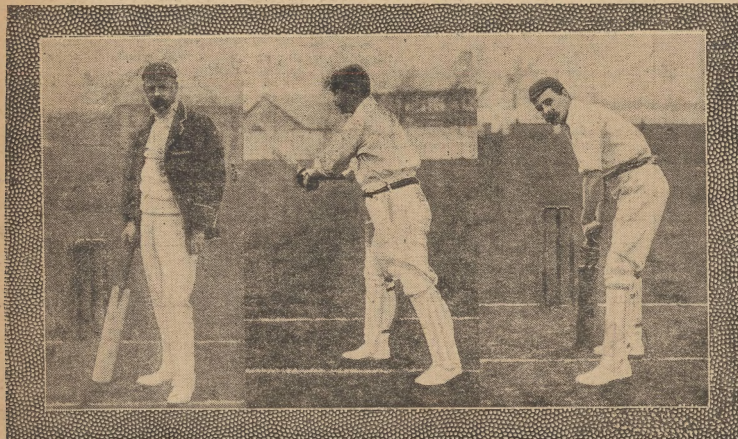


Russian revolutionist, who blew out her brains at the Hotel de l'Europe when she found that the police had discovered that she was in a desperate plot against the Tsar.

Lieutenant-Colonel of the gendarmerie of Nijni Novgorod, who was shot dead by a Russian revolutionist named Nikiforoff, who was captured. He seriously wounded a house watchman.

Typist to the iniquitous Meat Trust in America, who secretly kept copies of correspondence proving a conspiracy to keep up prices, and who then turned State's evidence, to the consternation of the Meat Kings.

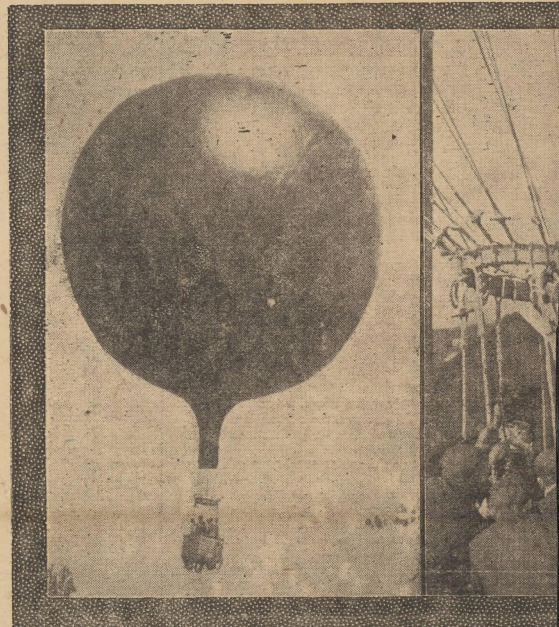
THREE GREAT BATSMEN.



Hayward (Surrey), Carpenter (Essex), and Mr. C. J. B. Wood (Leicester), who made hundreds in the matches now being played. Curiously, Hayward and Carpenter are both natives of Cambridge.

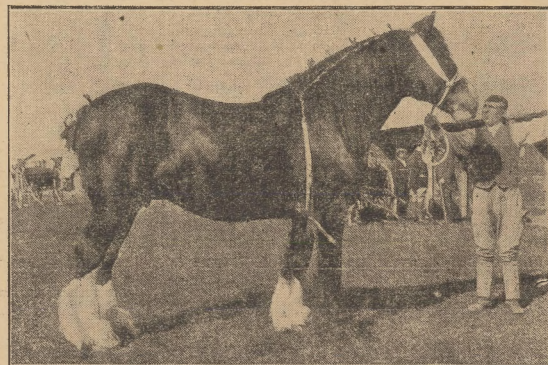
NEWS TOLD IN

THREE BALLOONS IN A RACE



Two balloons, belonging to the Aero Club (one of which is shown in the first photograph) and the other Horsham. The second photograph shows Mr. Leslie Bucknall, the pilot. He is shown by a cross. He landed at Havant. The

PRIZE-WINNING SHIRE MARE.



Sir A. Henderson's Poole Duchess, which won first prize at the Oxfordshire Show.

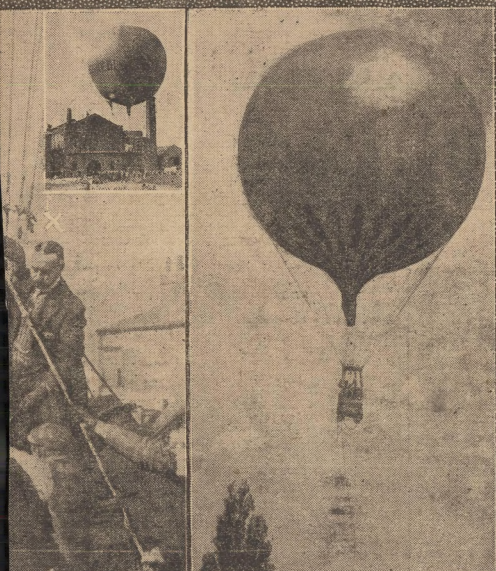
ANOTHER SCOTCH INVASION.



Five hundred Aberdeenshire sheep have been placed in Hyde Park. They are much more timid than the Cockney sheep which were already there.

PHOTOGRAPHS

FROM LONDON TO ANYWHERE.



photograph), started from the Crystal Palace. One reached Chichester, private balloon owner in England, starting from the Wandsworth gasworks. photograph shows one of the Crystal Palace balloons.

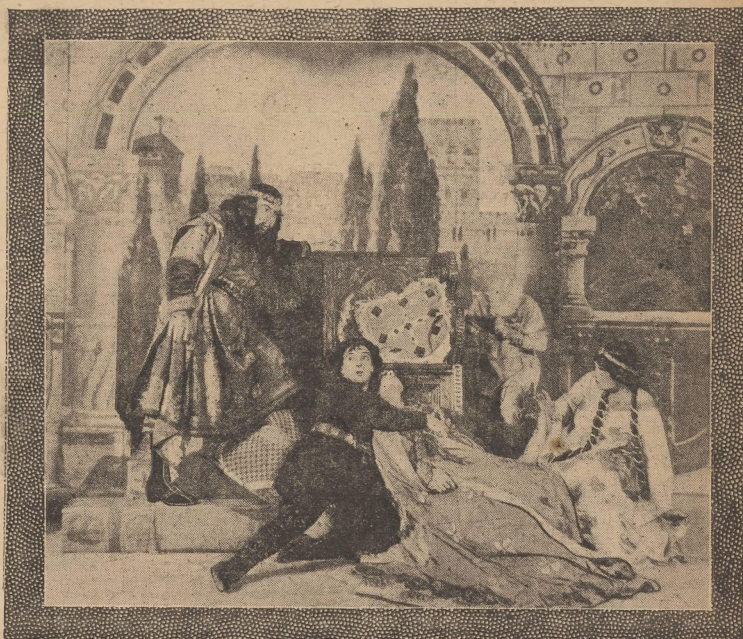
NEW WALDORF THEATRE.



terior and interior of the new theatre which opens on Monday next. It will be devoted to the idea of grand opera at moderate prices.

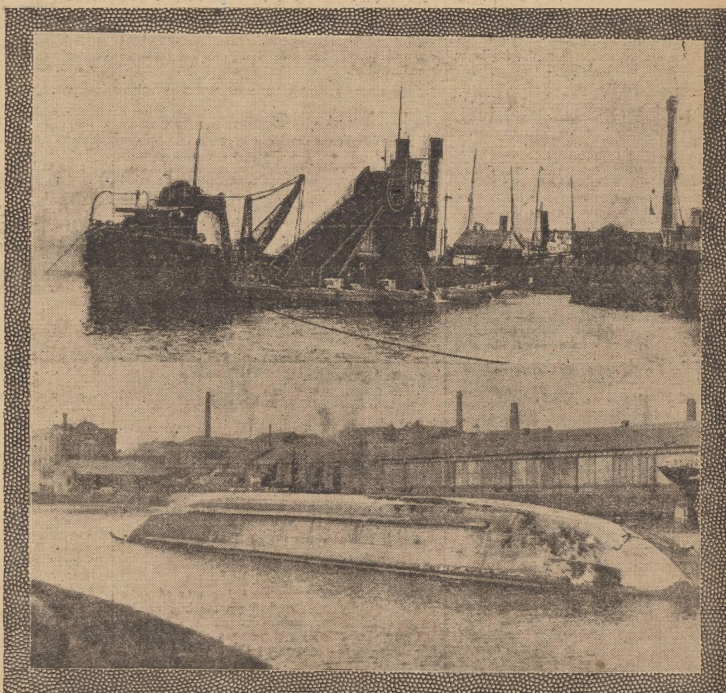
NEWS IN VIEWS

THE HAMLET EPIDEMIC: MR. MARTIN HARVEY'S PRODUCTION.



The desire to play Hamlet is spreading. We are having a succession of Hamlets. Mr. Martin Harvey has entered the lists, and plays the part of the Dane on Monday next. Mr. Cecil Raleigh says that Hamlet is popular with actor-managers because Shakespeare, being dead, cannot collect royalties.—(Ellis and Walery.)

A CAPSIZED DREDGER.



Ships look very different when upside down. Here are photographs of a Liverpool dredger before and after capsizing.

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

AMBLER'S MOTOR-CAR.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

Mr. Cleary Ambler was a long, lean, chivalrous man with a nervous system in need of repair. His doctor, his wife, and his friends persuaded him that his only hope in this life was to buy a motor-car. Not being rich, Ambler presented himself one morning at The Stars and Stripes Second-Hand Motor-Car Company, and asked the manager to show him a few nice second-hand motor-cars. He did not know the difference between a petrol motor and the inside of an eight day clock.

"Y' want something safe," said the manager in his blandest accent, "something that won't get on your nerves. Here's one that cost £200 new. You can have her for £75, though we've just painted her up afresh. She's so simple that a child can work her. I've bin in some countries, an' I've seen some motor-cars, but I never see one like this at the figure. Y' kin have her home at once, an' when y've bin up an' down yewr street a time or two y'll be perfect enough to take her inter the Park. Y' will so."

Ambler bought the car. It was delivered that afternoon. After waiting for a day or two on lonely roads, he announced to his wife that he would take her for a run to Hyde Park. She said it was the proudest moment of her life, and looked happy.

A gentleman named Sikes lounged at the corner of the terrace, while Ambler's car thudded at the door of the flat. He was dressed in a suit of chauffeur's overalls, and carried a large portmanteau. He had a calm air and a cheerful countenance. Mr. Sikes had been keeping an eye on the flat for several evenings. Now, in the light of day, he watched Ambler's proceedings closely.

Having assisted his wife into the car, Ambler himself mounted, and pulled a lever. Presently the car commenced to move backwards, and then, having run over a log which sat in the middle of the road eating a bone, it bounded forward. It seemed as if Ambler and his wife would really reach the Park.

Mr. Sikes watched them until they were well out of the terrace. Then he boldly entered the flat with a skeleton key, said something terrifying to the only servant in the house, invited her to step inside a linen closet, locked the door upon her, rambled through the rooms, filled his portmanteau with all the valuables he could lay his hands on, and then came out by the front door as he had gone in.

Meanwhile about a mile and a half down the road, a crowd of men, women, and boys were assembled around Ambler's motor-car, which had somehow stranded on the edge of the pavement. They were watching Ambler examine the works in an effort to discover why the wheels would not go round. Mrs. Ambler was still inside the car, pale and obviously annoyed.

"Do make it go," Mrs. Ambler was saying to her husband. "Can't you push something round?"

"I forgot to bring the instruction-book," remarked Ambler, with a crimson smile. "I can't make out whether there's a leak in the petrol reservoir or a lateral strain on the rear axle."

At this remark the crowd began to jeer. Ambler's heart thudded like a pump.

"Mebbe there ain't no oil on the fog-horn, guv'nor," grinned a butcher's boy.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public works for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Fogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XXI.

"I'm calm, quiet calm," Hilary said, seating himself again. "But I'd like another drink—just a mouthful before you start telling me what you want me to do."

"Go ahead," Vogel grinned, passing the decanter. "Keep your head clear, that's all."

"It's fine stuff," Hilary cried unsteadily, as he half filled his glass; "fine stuff, but confoundedly weak—no grip, no bite in it; doesn't warm one—quickly."

"It's a slower poison than you've been used to, and a better. It's over fifty years old."

"Older than I am," Hilary chuckled. "It'll give me some of its life, eh? I'm not going to be poisoned now. I'm going to live. Go ahead; I'm calm enough, go ahead."

Vogel made himself thoroughly comfortable before commencing. Hilary's unexpected love for his wife made matters a little easier—helped Vogel's scheme; but at the same time it called for caution.

All lovers are lunatics, but when a man starts with alcoholic insanity his case is likely to become a particularly dangerous one.

"I think I won't go to-day, Cleary," remarked Mrs. Ambler.

"Weather an' our or two longer, mum," mocked a man with a clay pipe in his mouth. "Mebbe the weather'll clear up by then," but Mrs. Ambler, casting upon him a withering glance, gathered up her skirts, stepped out of the car, and walked away.

Presently another boy came up, munching an apple. For awhile he silently regarded the only half of Ambler which was visible to him. By-and-by he turned to the butcher's lad and grinned.

"Has he lost somefink?" he asked.

"I dunno," was the reply. "Ask 'im."

Ambler's wrath was now at fever heat. The engine was throbbing merrily, yet the car would not move an inch. He could not understand it at all. He had trapped his hands, and scraped his knuckles, and banged his head, all to no purpose.

At this point Mr. Sikes snatched up his portmanteau, and stood an instant in wonderment.

"Perhaps you can help him," said a policeman who had come up, noticing Mr. Sikes in his chauffeur costume.

Tossing his portmanteau on the car with a nonchalant air, Mr. Sikes dived under the car.

"What's up, sir?" he said to Ambler.

"I wish I knew," was the reply; "I would give anything to know."

"All right, sir. Come out. Let's have a look. Got a spanner?"

Ambler came out and stood by the car disconsolate, an embodied vibration from head to foot. Mr. Sikes pattered about with the spanner, and by-and-by gave a soft chuckle. The brake had jammed down on the back axle. He put it right and then emerged.

"It's a queer sort of business, sir," said Mr. Sikes, looking mournful; "a very queer sort of business, but I'll see if I can move her."

"I shall really be much obliged to you if you will," said Ambler gratefully.

"Oh, don't mention it," observed Mr. Sikes, mounting the car. "You wait here a minute, sir. Clear out the way," he cried to the crowd. "It may go backwards or it may go forwards, you never know your luck."

With a keen eye on his portmanteau he pulled the lever, and amid the cheers of the populace the car bounded forwards, turned to the left, and was soon lost to sight.

The crowd melted. The policeman departed. Ambler waited for an hour, but the motor-car did not appear.

"Perhaps he has taken it home," said Ambler to himself; and he hailed a passing hansom.

His wife met him at the gate.

"The house has been burgled," she groaned; "all my jewellery gone and everything, and the servant screaming in a locked cupboard."

Mr. Ambler stared at her with his mouth agape.

"My motor-car has gone too," he cried.

"A good job," she replied, with withering scorn—"buying a thing like that. Oh, you—you—Fetch the police. Fetch them at once"; and, tremblingly Ambler went forth as limp as a rag, to find a policeman who was not there.

Two days afterwards the car was found tumbling into a ditch at Tottenham. Mr. Sikes has not since been heard of.

"I've got a horse running in the Derby, a horse called The Devil; he's practically certain to win."

"Of course, the devil has been racing through my blood for the last five or six years, and he always wins."

"Don't babble, listen. Concentrate your mind on what I'm saying. I've backed that horse to win me—well, a good many thousands—"

Hilary leaned forward in his chair.

"How many thousands?"

"What's that matter to you?"

"I'd like a few," Hilary chuckled softly. Once again his eyes roved round the room, taking in every detail. "You're a rich man, Vogel, richer than I ever guessed."

"If my horse wins the Derby you'll be a rich man too; I've promised your wife a substantial part of my winnings. I'll be generous and promise you a substantial portion too. Then—why then, my dear fellow, you can marry Dolores—"

"Marry her. Marry her," Hilary cried wildly. "You fool, I am married to her already."

Vogel held up a warning finger.

"Horace Hilary married her, many years ago; it was a secret marriage, true—but there are records of it. Hilary disappeared shortly after his marriage, and went to South Africa—disappeared, dead perhaps. No one knows, no one cares—except perhaps Scotland Yard."

"But if we were to return and claim his wife! No, you must marry her again under another name, settle down in a pretty English village, live the life of a country gentleman—respectable, comfortable, safe. Nice little income, charming wife, good friend Vogel in background, eh?"

"Yes, well, what part have I got to play for you first? Nothing that will get me into trouble again, eh?" he said cautiously.

There was something more than a substratum of intelligence in his wild eyes, there was a distinct distrustful cunning.

"You see, Vogel," he continued, "if it hadn't been for you I should never have gone into that infernal gold-mine scheme. Of course, you meant well, but I suffered. I paid for the confounded

THE DRAMATIC SENSE.

Living Pathos and Humour from the Morning's News.

A child of ten months was found in a field near Stoke Poges. "Poor little mite," said everybody. Now a rich Australian wants to adopt the baby. He will grow up to a great fortune. The irony of chance!

"Country Manners!"

In a case at Tottenham it was stated that a young man had walked along the public streets with his arm round his young woman's waist. Counsel: Haven't you been in the country lately? Witness: Yes, sir. Counsel: I thought so.

"My Son Is Dying."

At the Brentford Police Court a woman was summoned for assault. In a voice broken with sobs she said: "Sir, my son is lying at the point of death, and I can hardly dare to hope that I shall find him alive when I reach home."

With the complainant's consent the case was dismissed at once, and with a sigh "God bless you, sir," the woman rushed from the court.

"Is It Japanese?"

An Irish author, Mr. Seumas MacManus, who believes Gaelic ought to be the language of Ireland, had a card for the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons. The doorkeeper asked him to put his name down. He wrote it in—ish character. The puzzled official looked at it in this way and that. "Is it Japanese?" he asked. "No," replied the author, "it is the language of a great many British people; it is Irish!" He was passed in, but the doorkeeper did not feel very sure.

From £4 to £50 a Week.

As recently as last Monday a case was brought to my notice showing how quickly a music-hall performer who achieves success nowadays can rise to a position which the majority of mortals might well envy. The performer in question—a comedian—was tentatively engaged a year ago to appear at a leading London variety house at the modest salary of £4 per week. Making an instantaneous "hit," he was re-engaged by the manager for £25 a week, at which salary he is this week doing a "turn," while for an engagement at the same establishment twelve months hence he has just been re-booked at a weekly remuneration of £50.—A correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph."

Not So Generous After All.

At the Temple Railway Station a Scot accidentally let a sixpence fall on to the platform. The coin was noted by a porter, who picked it up and handed it to its owner. The Scot thanked the porter effusively, and gave in reward a shilling—"Daily Chronicle," May 17.

There is a sad sequel to the story we told—a true story—in disproof of the Scotsman's parsimony. Now comes this depressing postcard. "Could you oblige me with the address of that porter I gave a shilling to in mistake for a halfpenny? I knew I was 11½d. short, but could not think where it had gone to."—"Daily Chronicle," May 19.

thing, and you—well, you seem to have done pretty well for yourself since then."

Vogel nodded.

"I've made a little money; that's my hobby. I've helped you to enjoy your little hobby, too."

His eyes wandered to the decanter. "I've allowed your wife to follow her weakness; her hobbies are dress and jewels. She has expensive tastes, Hilary, but I'll confess she can wear her clothes."

"You're not in love with her?" Hilary whispered under his breath.

"Don't be a fool! The chap who is in love with her is—well, his name is Merrick, adopted the job brandy was doing its work now. He was alert, wide-awake; he had himself under control again—outwardly."

"How am I going to help you to win the Derby?" he said at last, when Vogel remained silent. "And when you've won the Derby how'll that help me to win my wife?"

Vogel smiled.

"You shall both come and stay with me, and you can woo and win her at your leisure; my cellars shall be open—"

"Curse your cellars—come to the point!"

Vogel glanced up in surprise. He had not noticed Hilary's change from weakness to sudden strength.

(Continued on page 11.)

A SPLENDID RESPONSE.

ADDED SUPPORT FOR ANTIPON, THE FAMOUS OBESITY CURE.

In a recent issue of the *Daily Mirror* we made bold to assume that amongst our many hundreds of thousands of readers there were not a few stout persons who would be interested to know more about Antipon, a remedy which, in the words of an influential contemporary, "bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned." It would seem that the assumption was accurate in fact, for we are assured that the response was quite beyond expectation. Nor is this altogether surprising when the disheartening failure of old-time remedies for corpulence is taken into consideration; and when, on the other hand, it is made convincingly apparent that in Antipon the world possesses at last an absolutely reliable permanent cure for obesity, and a method of cure which is pleasant, safe, and simple, and which rejects the absurd idea that reduction of weight by starvation means lasting cure. For these reasons it is good to know that Antipon has received so much added support through the instrumentality of these columns.

Antipon now enjoys almost a world-wide reputation and has effected remarkable cures in the most pronounced cases of long-standing obesity, giving back at the same time the strength and energy of youth. Many hundreds of men and women have gratefully testified to the rejuvenating effects of this wonderful fat-reducer, and their letters are carefully preserved for reference at the offices of the Antipon Company, should any reader care to verify the statements published.

Antipon is a very quick fat-absorbent. Within a day and a night of the first dose there is in every case a decrease of weight. This varies, according to the individual, from between 8 or 10 lbs. In rare instances of very pronounced corpulence the latter figure is exceeded. Then follows a sure and satisfactory daily reduction until complete and permanent cure, that is, the lasting attainment of normal weight and graceful proportions. The treatment may then cease. The reduction is not merely abdominal but general; fat is not merely restored to their original condition; the limbs become shapely; the waist and hips are once more elegantly proportioned.

The tonic properties of Antipon, to which grateful allusion is made in the letters we have quoted, are evidenced by a rapid return to a healthy appetite. The digestive process is also strengthened. Thus the ample amount of good wholesome nourishment, properly digested, goes to enrich the blood and make solid muscle and sound nerve tissue. Antipon needs no other aid than nourishing food. There are no irksome dietary restrictions to observe. The treatment is in every respect pleasant and rational and may be followed by anybody without hardship. The preparation is of purely herbal constituents in liquid form. It is of a wine-like consistency and appearance, and is pleasantly tart in flavour.

Antipon is not an aperient, nor has it the slightest disturbing effect upon the stomach, bowels, or other organs. To sum up it forms a perfect home treatment for the rapid reduction of corpulence, and anyone may go through the course in strict privacy, for no alteration in one's ordinary mode of living is necessitated.

"The Illustrated London News" says:—"Antipon not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

"The Lady's Pictorial" writes:—"To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful fat absorbent Antipon performs this work promptly, safely, and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil; the cure is complete and permanent."

"Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News":—"Antipon reduces flesh—or, rather, fat—from the very first dose, and has a general tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system, so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier and stronger in muscle and nerve. Antipon may be regarded as a very beneficial discovery."

"The Sketch" says:—"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

"The Christian Age":—"Antipon not only possesses the power of permanently reducing fatness, but is a splendid tonic which, by increasing appetite and revivifying the digestive powers, assists in the renourishment and muscular development of the body."

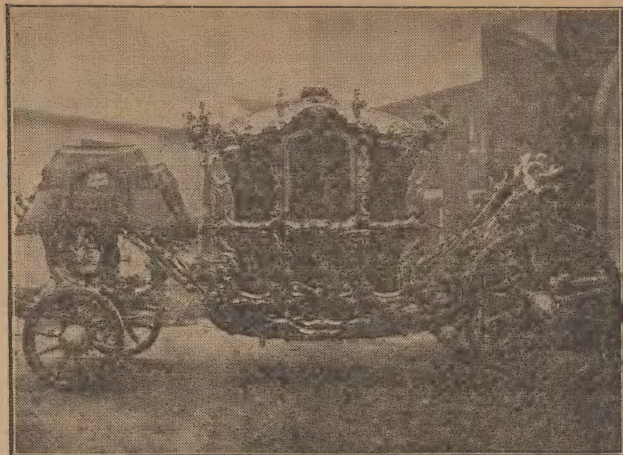
"Sheffield Independent":—"Antipon bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned."

"The Weekly Telegraph" says:—"Antipon is a tonic, agreeable to taste, and with the very first dose the superfluous flesh commences to disappear. It takes effect almost upon superabundant fat."

"The Methodist Recorder" says:—"It is satisfactory to know that Antipon is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or should difficulty arise may be obtained (on sending remittance) post free in private package, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-st., Strand, London, W.C.

THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH CUT IN TWO.



The ornate vehicle in which London's Lord Mayor travels is undergoing repairs which will cost £300. At present it is in two pieces, and the Lord Mayor's coachman looks quite sad.

TELEPHONE GIRLS CALL ON LORD STANLEY.

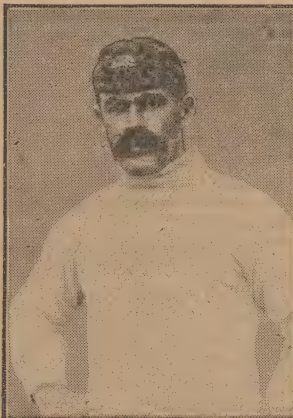


A deputation of young women from the "Hello!" department of the telephone company visited the Postmaster-General and made a plucky appeal for fair treatment at the hands of the Government when it takes over the telephones.

BIG CRICKET SCORES.



Mr. W. W. Armstrong, Australia's latest all-round cricketer, who made 248 runs and was not out in the match against the Gentlemen of England yesterday.



Mr. Darling, the Australian captain, who made 113 runs and was not out at Lord's yesterday.

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CATESBY & SONS,
The Home of Cork Lino,
(Dept. W.), 64-67, Tottenham Court Road,
London, W.

(Mention this paper.)

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

The last flicker of the light before the lamp sputtered into obscure darkness.

"Certainly! Merrick has fallen in love with your delightful wife. Don't be angry; you wouldn't blame him if you saw her; so deeply in love with her that, when he learnt how heavily she had backed The Devil to win the Derby, he assured her that King Daffodil wouldn't win—"

"Wouldn't win?"

"Well, polite way of spelling 'shouldn't.'"

"The blackguard! He promised to pull the horse? Of course, she scorned the idea?"

"How moral we've suddenly become," Vogel sneered. "Morality don't suit you, Hilary. And you seem to forget how deeply Merrick's suggestion interested me, as well as your wife." He leaned further forward, and his little eyes sparkled greedily.

"And you also seem to forget that your wife owes me something for keeping her all these years. My house has practically been her own, she's come and gone as she pleased; and the dresses, the jewels, and her good name, her position in society—"

Hilary bit his lips and his eyes avoided Vogel, his hands moved nervously along the arms of his chair.

"Yes, of course, you've been very good."

"I have," Vogel said, with an ugly laugh.

"But something was saved out of the wreckage, surely my whole fortune didn't disappear in the Dugger Banks—something, a hundred or two was saved. I left that in your hands, you promised to provide for Dolores out of that."

Vogel threw himself back in his chair and laughed loudly. Hilary watched him, the muscles of his face working convulsively.

When he had somewhat controlled his merriment, Vogel rose and walked to the secret escritoire, opened it, and from a certain drawer withdrew one of the papers he had been looking at not so long ago.

The public letter of thanks for his charitable

efforts in relieving the distress of the small investors in Dugger Banks. The small fry who had subscribed millions. The small fry to whom he had thrown a few crumbs—a few thousands out of the million he had pocketed.

The letter said nothing about that; possibly the authors did not know.

"Read that," Vogel said, giving Hilary the letter. "Read that, then perhaps you'll realise all I've done for you and your wife."

He stood over Hilary, watching his expression as he read the carefully-worded letter of stilted thanks, and fulsome praise.

"I didn't know it was as bad as that," he said in a thick voice. "I thought something was saved. Surely in my case—"

"Why in your case more than that of anyone else?"

"Because where others invested tens and hundreds I invested thousands—"

"The whole lot went, every penny piece." He took the letter from Hilary, and, tapping it with his finger, said, "You see what it cost me; if I hadn't come to the rescue of—of these unfortunate shareholders my name and position might have suffered."

Hilary had leant back in his chair, his hands were clasped tightly together, the nails biting the flesh, his face was drawn as if with pain.

"Yes; you've been very good to us, very generous," he muttered. Then, suddenly jumping from his chair he commenced to walk quickly up and down the room.

"But why, why have you been so good—why should you care what happened to a drunken fool like myself, eh?"

"You were my friend," Vogel said shortly. "His voice did not convey the meaning of his words."

"And your wife—I was sorry for her." Hilary turned sharply on him; again something of the wild beast lurked in his face.

"Does that mean she cared for me—hoped for my return?"

Vogel shrugged his shoulders.

"Hilary, you are an egotist; you forget that your passion for drink started before you left Eng-

land—even before your marriage. You lacked nerve, the strain of money-making was more than you could bear, and you took to what we'll call an inward spiritual solace to hide your outward embarrassment."

"That was nothing—no one could have seen or guessed. I was worried, so I occasionally drank more than was good for me."

"Dolores knew, that was why she feared you, avoided you. And that was why I sent you a regular allowance when you left England."

"I don't understand."

"Your wife feared your return," Vogel chuckled. It was such a joke.

"Good God, then she hates me," Hilary choked. His face grew as white as the table-cloth, his eyes as red as the smouldering ashes in the grate.

"Well, shall we say that she is afraid of you? It's only natural, after all. She doesn't know you, though. When she knows that you are really going to turn over a new leaf, start afresh in life, go in for love instead of alcohol, you'll find her sympathetic, I'm sure. Be patient, don't get excited."

But like a half-lamed, tortured beast in a cage Hilary glared at Vogel, his keeper—afraid yet trembling; defiant, yet at his mercy!

"You're fooling me, you're laughing at me," he hissed between his tightly-clenched teeth.

"I'm too much in earnest myself," Vogel replied shortly. "You wanted the truth, and I've given it to you; I suppose you've forgotten the letters, the wild, brutal letters you've written to Dolores from time to time?"

"I—written brutal letters to Dolores," Hilary stammered. He hid his face in his hands and almost sobbed. "I haven't—I haven't—if she received letters—she must have known I never wrote them—when I was sane and calm I never dared write to her—but when the things possessed me—God only knows what I said or did or wrote. Vogel, you are crying passionately—Vogel, you must help me, swear that you'll help me, man? You will, I know you will. You won't see me drifting

(Continued on page 13.)

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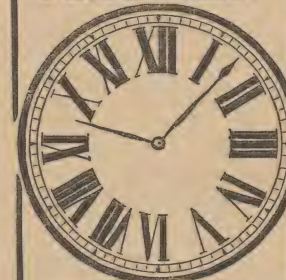
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ANOTHER PICTURE FOR OUR COMPETITORS TO EXERCISE THEIR SKILL UPON.—MORE PRIZES.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

PARTICULARS OF PRIZES TO BE GIVEN NEXT WEEK.

Charles C. Bremner, whose age is twelve and whose address is The Chestnuts, Lordship-road, Cheshunt, Herts, is the winner of the first prize of 5s. for the best colouring of the picture, "Little Strokes Fell Great Oaks," of which he has made a beautiful subject. I admire his background so much; the grass and trees look so natural, and his little boy has on such a fine suit, comprising red knickerbockers and a blue shirt, with striped yellow and black stockings and a necktie to match.

The second prize of 2s. 6d. is awarded to Kate Christie, 30, Beeston-road, Dunkirk, Nottingham, whose parrot is specially splendid and of a brilliant crimson colour.

Highly commended are the pictures sent in by Nella Wickenden, 8, Culloden-street, Brunswick-road, Poplar, E.; Annie Pope, 12, Great Chart-street, Pitfield-street, Old-street, N.; and Madge Tatham, who does not give me her address.

Popular Postcard Competition.

The postcard competition produced numbers of very well-written cards, so many indeed that it was difficult to make the decision. But after calling in extra aid, so that absolute fairness might be assured, the first prize was awarded to Jeanie Hutchings, 33, Birchdale-road, Forest Gate, E., and the second to Doris Godfrey, 159, Melfont-road, Thornton Heath. Age was, of course, taken into consideration when the decision was made.

Highly-commended are the postcards sent in by C. Bennett, 19, Northwood-grove, Tottenham; Harold C. Lehmkuhl, 14, Woodlands-road, Ilford, Essex; May Buttle, 175, Gipsy-road, West Norwood, S.E.; Maude Lock, 53, Warrior-square, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex; Lilian Burdwood, 157, Kensington-avenue, East Ham, Essex; Winifred Buttle, 175, Gipsy-road, West Norwood, S.E.; Gwen White, 40, Cecil-road, Muswell Hill, N.; Gertrude E. Smithers, 21, Claude-road, Peckham, S.E.; Harold Baldwin, 17, Smisby-road, Ashby-de-la-Zouch; Rosie Tramer, 70, Borough High-street, London, S.E.; and Janet C. McLeod, 31, Beechfield-road, Catford, S.E.

Competitor from Russia.

There will be no postcard prizes offered this week, because I feel that during the warm weather it is as much as I can expect for my little friends to colour the pictures. But I am going to add the prize money that used to go to the postcard competitors to the picture prize.

Four prizes—ones of 5s. and three of 2s. 6d. each—will be given for the best colouring in water colours, or chalks, of the picture shown on this page, which illustrates the old proverb, "Look Before You Leap." There is plenty of scope for excellent work in the design, and I am sure our artist will be delighted when he sees the number of good subjects that are sent in. Competitors should send their pictures to us, so that they reach the *Daily Mirror* Office, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., by the first post on Thursday morning, May 25.

I am delighted to hear from a little competitor who lives as far away as Russia, and hope that he will compete again. DERRY-DOWN-DERRY.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

out to sea—I'm a bit of wreckage, but there's yet time to drag me ashore—it can't be done at once—I can't do it alone. That's the curse, I can't do it alone. Someone must be at my side always—when the moment comes, the vile things enter my body and drive me mad; then only the drink can save me from death—or—the madhouse. But it was not death I feared, it was the agonies of death."

The sweat poured down his face, his eyes were filled with a dreadful fear.

"But since I've landed in England, since I've seen the old home—land—faces—voices—smelt the smell of the fields and gardens, felt the warm, soft rain in my face—oh, I want to live, I want to live again. And I want to live with my wife, with her respect, her love—the respect and love of mankind. You'll help me, Vogel; say that you'll help me."

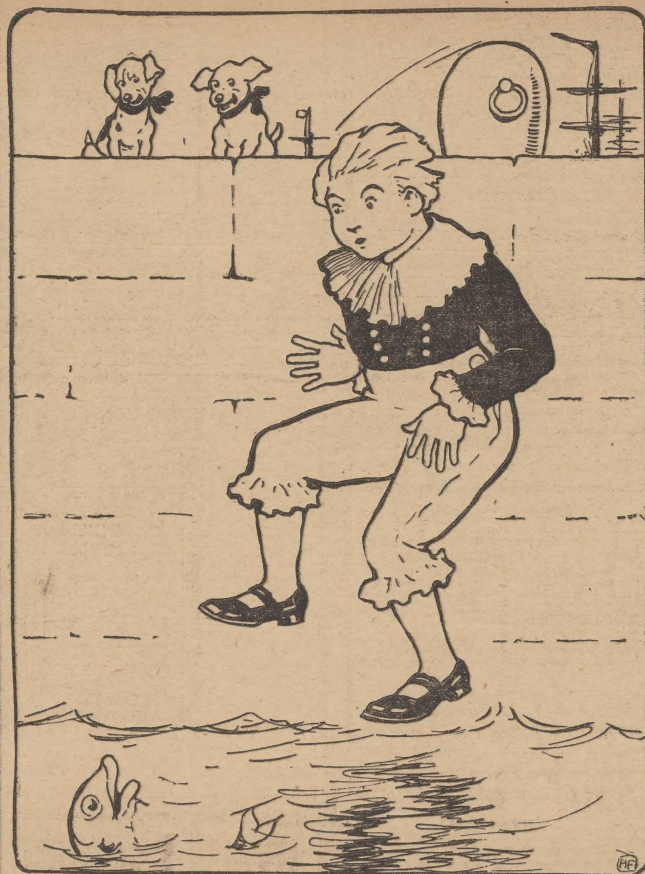
Vogel had retreated to the side of the esquire; he felt rather nervous. Hilary looked dangerously wild, dangerously mad.

There was a little six-chambered revolver in one of the drawers. The key was the brandy on the table.

"Of course I'll help you, that's why I want for you. Come, sit down again, old man, and listen." He took up the decanter of brandy and filled a tumbler and thrust it towards Hilary. "Drink up, just a drop more to steady your nerves."

The tumbler hurtled across the room and crashed into the fireplace; Vogel dropped back, his face as white as Hilary's, and his hand shot into the drawer of the escritoire.

"Then don't tempt me," Hilary almost shouted. "Don't give me the curse now. I'm sane now, I know what I'm doing, I know what I'm saying. It's now I want your help. His voice sank to a



"Look Before You Leap" is the title of this picture; a sensible old saying, for you see what has befallen this little boy who didn't look. There are four prizes offered for the best colouring of this picture.

COOLING DRINKS FOR HOT DAYS.

In the summer the juice of any fresh fruit with water added to it makes a delightfully cooling drink; for example black and red currants, strawberries and raspberries, may all be taken in this way. Perhaps the most sustaining drink there is, and one also that is very wholesome, is barley water, which may be made in the following way:—Soak two ounces of barley in cold water for an hour, then throw away that water and put one quart

of clean, cold water on it, and let it boil for twenty minutes. It should be strained, and, if liked, it may be sweetened, but most people prefer just a slight flavouring of lemon, which may be acquired by adding a little lemon-rind to the barley water, or lemon-juice, as preferred.

Toast two slices of stale bread thoroughly on both sides until they assume a rich brown, then pour a pint of boiling water over them. Let it stand for ten minutes, then strain the water off, and serve it.

worst I shall want you to discover yourself to her, tell her you've come home, come to claim her."

"Yes—yes—"

"But let her believe that you'll keep out of her way, that you won't worry her, that you won't assert your marital rights so long as she keeps her promise to me, so long as The Devil wins."

"Afterwards, when The Devil has won"—Vogel spread out his fat hands—"why, then, I give you carte blanche—I give you a wife and several thousand pounds. D'you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand." Hilary's voice was like a growl of thunder.

"You'll remember—"

Hilary laughed.

"Not all the things in Hades nor all the angels in Heaven could teach me to forget what you've told me to-night. Yes, I'll remember—sane or mad—I'll remember."

"And you agree to it?" Vogel's voice dropped to a different key; he still felt a little nervous—uncertain—of his man.

Hilary did not reply at once. His hands and his face twitched and quivered.

"Are you sure this last scheme of yours won't swallow me up—like the Dugger Bank Gold-mines?" he whispered. His eyes were fixed on the secret escritoire, he was looking through Vogel—and Vogel felt uncomfortable. "I suppose that desk of yours is full of—of Things," he laughed.

"What d'you mean—what things?"

"The Things—devils and goblins and spirits that devour men's souls—the Unspeakable Things?"

Vogel shrugged his shoulders.

"You agree to go to Epsom?" he said.

Hilary nodded slowly—but his eyes, unnaturally large and bright—remained fastened on the escritoire.

(To be continued.)

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